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Ancient Moorish Gateway, Granada, Spain.

The embellishment to which this article refers, is one of singular interest as connected with the customs of the inhabitants of Granada. The Gateway opened into the square of the Viva Rambla, the place where tournaments and public exhibitions were held in ancient times. It was through this place, it is said, that the Castilian hero rode, when he nailed a challenge upon the door of the mosque, which occupied the site of the present cathedral on the opposite side of the square of the Viva Rambla, and returned again to tell his followers were engaged in mortal combat with the Moorish guards. The small niche with a representation of the Crucifixion, is one of those small chapels to be found at the corners of every street in a Spanish town; and is almost constantly surrounded by a group of devotees. The figure of our Saviour, the Virgin, the Infant Christ, or one of those numerous saints with which their calendar abounds, is generally decked out with mock trinkets and tawdry dresses; it being no uncommon thing to see the Infant Saviour in an antique court-dress, silk-flowered waistcoat, knee breeches, silk stockings, square-toed shoes and buckles; whilst on the other hand, the Virgin is represented in a satin gown and flounce, wide hoop petticoat and handsome foghorn bonnet with artificial flowers, necklace, fingers covered with rings, &c. &c. Wax lights are kept constantly burning before them, a person being appointed and paid for that purpose, by the inhabitants of the street to whom the saint belongs. Near the side of the little chapel delineated in the drawing, is a small cross, which marks the spot where a murder has been committed. This is a regular occurrence throughout Spain; and, in towns, a small board is fixed beneath the cross with the name of the "unfortunate wight," and the day and year in which he fell. In some streets, especially where it is a low neighbourhood, these crosses are so numerous as to cover the walls. It may be as well to mention that the gateway is called the "Arco de los Orejas," from the ears of those unfortunate Moors who had committed any state crimes, having been nailed to its gates.

Connected with this gateway, we find in the Landscape Annual of the present year, an account of a tournament which took place in the Viva Rambla, between eight distinguished Knights, four of whom fought to repel a charge of adultery made against the queen, and the other four as the accusers. We are sure that it will be read with interest.

ABDALLAH AND HIS QUEEN.

His vengeance still unappeased, and fired even with maddening jealousy of the dead, Abdallah turned his wrath against his unhappy and ill-fated queen. The dark accusations of the Zegris now impelled him to crown his previous crime with another of a yet darker die. Summoning a grand council of his chiefs, he explained his reasons, grounded on the evidence of the Zegris, for passing summary judgment on the Abencerrages. Witnesses were not want of his unfortunate consort with the most solemn oaths. They had met to consider of a punishment due to the supposed commission of so rare and flagrant an offence.

The sentence, solemnly pronounced in presence of the chiefs and elders was, that the adulterous queen should suffer death by being burnt alive, if within twenty days she could not produce four knights to vindicate her aspersed fame.—On the proclamation of this fearful doom, the sultana's friends,—those who honoured the memory of the noble Abencerrage, and the brave Ali Atar, indignantly drew their scymitars in the Hall of Audience, and openly declared that they would resist such a mandate to the death.

But as they flew to her rescue, the noble Muza threw himself before them, entreating to be heard. Appealing to them with a commanding eloquence, surpassed only by his heroism in the field, the chief of the Alabez brought them to consider, "that though by valour they might protect the sultana, it could prove only injurious to her honour in the eyes of Granada, and of the world. If they dare not to submit the cause to the great arbiter of battle and the justice of the Supreme, how came they so boldly to impugn the equity other threatened doom? Nor would the princely lady," he maintained, "accept their proffered swords on terms that must condemn her in her own eyes and those of the people."

Listening to the suggestions of the valiant and wise chief, they hastened to enrol their names as champions—a numerous list, from which she might select the bravest of the brave. Already a captive within the walls of the Comares, this proud testimony to her merits and her misfortunes was no alleviation to the bitter sorrows she endured; while full of gratitude for their noble-minded offers, she felt such insurmountable horror at the treachery of the Zegris, that she could not behold any of their nation stand forth to vindicate her honour in the lists. Nor she would throw herself upon the gallantry and generosity of the Christian foe.

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The die was cast; the fatal decree had gone forth; the jealous rage of Abdallah, and the honour of the queen alike forbade its revocation. And now the magnificent square of the Viva Rambla, arrayed in all the solemn pomp of chivalric justice peculiar to the summons, heard far along the banks of the Darro, to assemble on the field of honour, to grace this strangely exciting but mournful spectacle.

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On drawing near the appointed spot, through ranks high oversem by ranks, till all Granada appeared spectatress of the stirring scene, the queen caught the noble lions and more terrific aspect of that funereal pile; and the deep shudder—and the recoil—followed by low stifled lamentations, ran with electric speed through every beholder of that revolting sight. With still slower and statelier pomp of woe, the restless champing steeds, in their darkly-splendid housings, now passed up the great square, and stood beside the fatal scaffold, where the judges appeared to conduct the accused to a seat of state, high overhung with the same startling symbols of guilt and woe. As she was borne on the heroic Muza to the fatal spot, and threw herself on her knees before the assembled people, as if appealing to Allah, and to his children, for redress and pity of her heavy wrongs, the air rang with cries and lamentations, succeeded by deep low murmurs such as portend the coming storm.

The judges proclaim the fearful sentence; and though the man Muza himself presides, he is answered by maledictions and groans. But again, on beholding the unconscious form of the sultana, who lay supported in the arms of the princesses and the noble daughter of Aben Kassim, having swooned in the aspirations of heart-wrung prayer, there burst a sudden peal of admiration and applause, as if to attest *their* belief also in the innocence of their queen.—Every eye bent on that heart-appealing group, —woman and beauty in bitter peril and distress; and every hand grasping the nearest weapon—one simultaneous impulse made them start to their feet; and the next moment they had rushed, as an insulted brother to the rescue of innocence and honour, when the loud-swelling note of Moorish clarions broke on the ear and arrested their step, as their eye was caught by other objects fraught with an interest equally intense.—Even the judges, seated near the queen, bent forward as if eager to catch some responsive note of war.

Armed from head to foot, mounted on high-mettled Andalusian chargers, and clothed in burnished armour, over which flowed the loose albornaz, with sashes richly embroidered, and dark waving plumes, rode the stern accusers through the startled throngs, up to the very head of the lists. On their splendid shields, surmounted by two blood-stained swords, appeared emblazoned the words, "*For the truth we draw them!*" A noble band of their kinsmen and adherents attested them to their respective stations within the lists. Saluting the judges and umpires, they seemed to turn their eyes from their lovely victim, as they darted swiftly to their posts.

In the long, deep silence that ensued, when every ear was intent on catching the first faint echo of the Castilian bugles in the distance, you might have heard woman's softest foot-fall—the slightest murmur of the breeze rustling in the palm and cypress leaves above their heads.

Hours were on—the uneasiness and excitement had risen into murmurs and threats—all eyes were bent on the barrier gates; and yet, and yet—to champions of the lost queen appeared. Two brief hours, and the fire, in default of rescue, must claim its victim;—and at length it went forth, in fearful, muttered sounds, that absorbed in her despair, the sultana had cared not to apprise her defenders of the appointed time. All was confusion and distress; and, on the spur of the moment, the noble judges, Muza Ben Gazan and his friends, Ali Fahar, Azarque, and Almoradi, conjured her to accept their swords. But confiding her cause to supreme justice, and eager only to rejoin her noble lover in death, she heeded not the proffer, nor the increasing confusion and dismay of the imams, the judges, and spectators around her. Hope itself began to fail, for six of the eight apportioned hours had now elapsed, and loud and louder the pity of the people rose into lamentation and threats. Already they began to measure, with kindling eye and ready hand, the strength of these fierce Gomes have the judges, at the last quarter—the lists, summoned aloud the champions, and ere again *counting* the accused to behold in them *her defenders*—eagerly waving their gleaming scymitars as *they confronted* the Zegris with threatening looks—when the stamp of horse is heard rapidly nearing the Spanish gate. One shout of exultation—one rush of eager throngs, and every spectator's eye bent towards the extreme verge of the open barriers, attested the intense interest awakened by the sound.

And soon, in full career, bounded four Turkish horsemen into the spacious square. One of them, reining in his fiery barb before the judges, addressed himself to their chief, requesting permission to parley with the accused lady of the lists. Kneeling at her feet, he informed her, that he and his companions were from the towers of Stamboul, in quest of adventure; and having just put foot in the land of old Moorish fame, to try their prowess on some of the heroes of Castile, had heard of that strange solemnity, and first preferred to break their lances with the enemies of peerless charms and pure fame, like hers. It was their first essay of arms, he continued, and as he spoke, he dropped into her lap the letter she had sent to the Lord of Carthagena; for he it was, attended by the famed Ponce de Leon, d'Aguilar, and Diego de Cardova, rejoiced thus to avail themselves of so noble an occasion to prove their chivalrous devotion at the appeal of innocence and beauty. Each of the combatants now stood confronting the Zegri he had selected as his opponent, with fixed eye and deadly lances in rest.

The judges having solemnly declared the queen's acceptance of their swords, commanded the twenty clarions to sound the charge. Furious was the onset, and long doubtful the result. The Lord of Carthagena at length bore the fierce Mahandon Gomel from his seat; Ponce de Leon wounded Ali Hamined El Zegri, while Don Alonzo, with equal fortune, overthrew and bound the arch traitor, Mohammed Zegri, the mover of that fatal plot. But Don Diego di Cordova was still engaged to disadvantage with the gigantic and terrible Moctader and would have fallen, when his gallant rival Alonzo, rushed to his rescue; then, presenting his dagger to the throat of El Zegri, he called upon him to reveal the origin of the foul conspiracy, and to speak truly if he wished to live.

It was then El Zegri made confession, that private hate and jealousy had led him to associate in the dark design his brethren of the tribe, and to conspire against the queen's honour in order more effectually to compass the destruction of their great rivals, and win the exclusive favour of King Abdallah. Acquitting the injured sultana of all stain or reproach with his dying breath, the unhappy Zegri motioned with his hand to the king, and, with an upbraiding look and heavy sigh, as he gazed round on his companions, he expired.

But the presiding judge had taken his deposition, which he now proclaimed aloud, amidst thunders of applause. All prepared to celebrate the proud event of the queen's vindication and the detection of the conspirators with unrestrained festivity and exultation, as some relief from the anxiety and terrors of the day,—hurrying into fresh plaudits as they beheld the court advance to escort her in triumph to the Alhambra. Deeply impressed with the result of this strange appeal, not less than by the voice of the people, the really penitent Abdallah fell at the feet of his injured consort, attempting with tears at once to atone for his faults, and to merit her forgiveness.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

Pale as a white rose withering, she lay—
Lovely, though dying—and her eye divine
Gleamed o'er the deepening shadows of decay,
Like a stray sunbeam on a ruined shrine.
She seemed too beautiful for Death's embrace,
And coldness eager her as a bone;
Language had fled, but music's pictured grace
Hung on those lips that late had breathed its tone.
Oh then! the perjured, cruel, faithless, blind!
How could they know such sweetness to the due?
How break the heart, where thy loved image shrined,
Dwelt in the beauty of undying true?
But thou didst break it; Nature could not cope
With love neglected, whose undying power,
Even from the very sepulchre of Hope,
Gushed forth like perfume from a trampled flower
Tears for thy absence, sighs at thy neglect,
Prayers for thy safety, smiles at thy return,
And a fond blindness to thy worst defect—
Thou didst repay with undissembled scorn.

Yet there she lay, and on her dying bed
She blessed thy name; then kissed the lock of hair
That from thy brow in happier days she shred;
Then look'd to Heaven, and prayed to meet thee there!

And with a holy look of hope and peace,
She bowed her head—the parting pang was o'er:
Yet no convulsion marked the soul's release,
The pallid lip a smile of rapture wore;
Her fleeting soul one radiant beam had caught,
Warm from the fountain of Eternal Day,
And left the image of the breathing thought
Impressed in beauty on the breathless clay.

I saw her buried in patrician state;
The sable plumes waved proudly o'er her bier,
With all the pomp that riches arrogate,
To deck the dust, to which they yield no tear.
And as I gazed upon the formal scene,
Where all was cold collectedness and art,
I thought one tear of secret grief had been
A fitter tribute to a broken heart.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

SPRING.

To Anna ——.

Ye hither bound warblers, come swell the soft chorus,
And with your sweet carols the budding grove cheer,
Proclaim to the breezes, which softly play o'er us,
Sweet *Spring* is returning—the queen of the year.

The bright, cheerful maid with her green tresses playing
In the face of the landscape I see her appear,
While flocks thro' the green-mantled valleys are straying,
To welcome with rapture the queen of the year.

With hands of delight, see her graciously spreading,
Her carpet of green by the rivulet clear,
Where the blithe frog a rapturous chorus is leading,
To hail the return of the queen of the year.

The light, balmy breezes that gaily sport o'er us,
Proclaim that the blithe day of nature is near,
And the fountains rejoicing all form the loud chorus
To greet the return of the queen of the year.

Then Anna; with virtue thy mind still employing,
With love to reward thee, and friendship to cheer;
May you bloom on earth's long sweet contentment enjoying,
To welcome with rapture the queen of the year.

RUSTICUS.

Taken in short hand and communicated for the Saturday Evening Post.

SERMON

Delivered at Orange street Meeting House, on 5th day morning, 4th mo. 23d, 1835, by Richard Mott.

"Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

I have felt rather an unusual desire from my early sitting down among you, that the present opportunity might prove something like a holy solemnity.—a renewal of strength. And I have been rather inclined to the belief that it has proved so, in a considerable degree. There seems to have been evidences of a very serious, and I hope, reverent thoughtfulness, such as is suited to an occasion, interesting and solemn like this.

Our thoughts, doubtless, have been various. Mine have, unexpectedly, centred on the glorious and cheering promise that I have quoted. And it seemed touching to my feelings as it was unexpectedly presented, to reflect how cheering and how consolatory it must have been to the hearts of the faithful and the care-worn disciples, to hear this blessed language.—this gracious promise, from the mouth of their Master, our holy Redeemer—"Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

When we reflect upon this language, it would seem that the effect of it must be to produce gratitude—feelings of gratitude for so unmerited a mercy; especially when we associate the consideration, that the promise retains its undiminished force down to the present day, it certainly is cheering to the heart of every true believer,—to the feelings of all those who have desired to be enabled to continue with our Lord in their pilgrimage. To be one of this little flock, my friends, to be one of the little family of Christ, to whom the blessing appertained, and to whom it still appertains, how thankful I have felt a degree of solicitude while reflecting upon it, that would be difficult for me to make open; that we from a sense of its importance, and its infinite value, might increasingly feel the necessity of labouring through the influence of the Holy Spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ, to become of this little flock. The true church of Christ has always been represented as a little flock—a little, tried, proved, and exercised company; and to become one of this little company—a member of the true church—a living member of the true church, will become, by us, to be a very great, and a very happy attainment. And it does seem to me that we are called upon, by all that is sacred, by all that is solemn, to labour in the ability received, and under the influences of the Holy Spirit—without which, we know, we can do nothing—to become members of this precious company. And, however, it may be in a sense of our own weakness and nothingness,—and the greater this state is, the better—let each of us make use of all the means in our power to become one of this little flock, engrafted into the true and living vine, Christ Jesus our Lord.

It need scarcely be said, that this is a day of trial—shall I go too far, if I say, of unusual trial. Notwithstanding the storm, the appalling storm that has so recently swept over us, and has made the ravages that it did, the present is nevertheless a trying time—a day that calls upon us with great solemnity to yield our hearts more and more to him who is calling unto us; and who, in the riches of his unmerited mercy, has abundantly condescended to preserve us—that, by yielding our hearts unto him, we may become increasingly redeemed from all those hindering things which prevent us from becoming members of this little company, to whom the promise appertains. For, however, discouraging the aspect of things may be, and however many of the travellers towards Zion, the city of the saints solemnity, may feel their minds depressed—however [illegible] discovered and ready to engage them *in the belief which I have had while sitting in the present meeting*, that He whose power is over every power, will continue to sustain them. And there are those within these walls, who will experience their comfort and their consolation in the fulfilment of the prophetic declaration, which was spoken in the name of the Lord.—"I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." There is something in this declaration that has been very cheering to my poor, tried mind, on this occasion, my friends, in the hope, in the humble hope, that the same gracious goodness that made the promise, will fulfil it in relation to his people in the present day. "I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." Ah! to be one of his afflicted, one of his poor people—sensible of their own weakness, sensible of their own nothingness, sensible of their own utter incapacity to do any thing for themselves, how it leads to desire a humble and reverent trust in the everlasting Jehovah!

"They shall trust in the name of the Lord." It is those, who, in a sense of their own unworthiness and utter incapacity to do anything for themselves, and who are desirous of being prostrated before the throne of mercy, that become skillful in trusting in the Lord. To become skillful in such a trust, reverently so, is a great attainment. And I wish, I most devoutly wish it from myself, while I stand among you—I humbly wish it for all. If the members of this Society were lovingly engaged, agreeably to our profession, and agreeably to the high favours, which in unmerited mercy have been conferred upon us.—I say, if the members of our Society were generally engaged in this humble, reverent trusting in the Lord, a redemption from the world would be experienced, and from its allurring and intoxicating spirit. And what a redemption would it experience, from a disposition that would run into speculations upon religious subjects, and which is aspiring to become wise above what is written. Oh, my friends, for an increase of real christian humility! Perhaps there is nothing of which we stand more in need; and I believe it to be the purpose of the gracious and heavenly Care-taker, in the operation of his power, and from his mercy and goodness, to overturn, and overturn, and overturn, until He comes, whose right and rule it is, to reign, shall I say, in the hearts of men and women. And it is in the same proportion that we are willing for our Holy Redeemer, by the influence of his blessed Spirit, to rule and reign in our hearts, we experience that overturning, and overturning, and overturning, that is necessary for us all to know, that we may become united to the true church—become living members of the one true church, of which our Holy Redeemer is the blessed head.

Oh, for an increase of heavenly-mindedness!—Oh, for an increase of the spirit of real devotion,—true, heartfelt devotion!—Oh, for an increase of real knowledge of prayer! For I believe it may be said, that it is in the same proportion that we come to understand how to pray as we ought, my friends, that we have found out the secret of a holy life. And it is through the influence of real and true prayer, that we shall experience that redemption of which we stand so much in need—and that we shall experience strength and ability to journey on—to journey on in the christian's path, in the spiritual life, and come to the vitality of the truth, and of saving religion. It is such that will constitute our society what I believe it was designed to be, in some measure, at least—as a city set on a hill. And it has been for want of this living, heartful engagement, this watchful and this prayerful state, that so many innovations have been made, and that so many appear to be in the outward courts—content with the bare form of religion; the mere form of godliness, without coming under the influence of the quickening, and redeeming power of the Holy Ghost. But I trust in mercy, that the yoke which has been laid upon us, will continue to be kept upon us, and its weight increased, until we are more redeemed from the hindering things which obstruct our progress as individuals, and the progress of the christian church, and through the influence of this dispensation both in judgment and in mercy, I do indulge the kind hope, that from us, from our Society, there will be an increase of the number of this little flock, to whom the promise still is, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." And in proportion as this is the case, through our co-operation with the blessed means that are designed to effect it, we may cherish a hope, that the church will be seen coming out of the wilderness, leaning on her beloved, clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners. And were we thus happily concerned to co-operate with the blessed means of redemption that are offered to our acceptance, would not the language in some degree be applicable to us? I believe it would. But, my friends, while remaining in a state at ease, it will scarcely be said of us, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As the vallies are, they spread forth as gardens by the river's side, as the trees of lign-aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as the cedar trees beside the waters." The was said of Israel, *while they abode in their tents.* Let us mark this—*while they abode in their tents.* And again, *according to their tribes*—Then it was, when they presented this view, that this remarkable and beautiful language was uttered, as descriptive of the safety of their happy and blessed situation. They were still in their tents—abiding in their tents, according to their respective tribes. There is great instruction in this. And then it was that neither divination nor enchantment could prevail against them. They were safe, because they were abiding in their tents, under the divine command, according to their tribes. Neither divination nor enchantment could prevail against them, neither will they prevail against us, if we like them, are willing so to be directed by the influence of the Holy Spirit, as to abide in our tents, and to know the Lord's presence to be with us. "To thy tent, O Israel—God is thy tent—To thy God, O Israel." Let us endeavour to retire to our tents, let us be willing to be led by that spirit that would lead us there, and safely guard us, so that neither divination nor enchantment will prevail against us.

I am not sure, my friends, but what there is much to be learned from something like this now, as well as in the time of Israel, alluded to. I am sure that no efforts of our own, no contrivance of our own, none of our own doings and speculations can preserve us from the spirit that is abroad in the world. It is nothing but the power of the Highest, but the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that can and does thus preserve us, and so redeem us from the world, that we may indeed become members of the little flock and family of Christ, who feel for the afflictions of Joseph. It is only those who are brought under the discipline of our holy Redeemer, that can possibly be prepared to feel for the afflictions of Joseph. They are very great. And I believe that the sympathy of all true believers ought in a peculiar manner, to be called forth in the present day, for the suffering seed of the kingdom, for the afflictions of Joseph need them.

I am thankful in feeling, while I stand among you as a monument of the mercy of my heavenly Father—I am thankful in believing, notwithstanding we are so much a backsliding people, and there is comparatively so little spiritual life among us, to what there ought to be—I am consoled to believing that nevertheless, we are not a forsaken people. That gracious being who has ever been merciful to his children, in extending an eye of pity and regard to those who are in a depressed state, in our day. And if there is, on our part, a willingness to receive his message, and embrace his discipline, we shall become proved more and more, and made alive unto God.

Let none, then, be discouraged—Let not the humble seekers after truth, who, perhaps under various, and comfortless discouragements, unknown to any but themselves, and their heavenly Father, may be pouring out their tears in secret, and the plaintive language of whose hearts may be, "What will become of me—or what will become of us?"—let none cast away their confidence—remember that the power of the Almighty is as great as ever it was, and it will not leave nor forsake his poor, dependent children. "Stay to them that are of a fearful heart, be strong, fear not; behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you." I believe it, my friends, unquestionably—and I rejoice in the evidence with which my mind seems favored at the present moment. "Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong"—Receive the language, my friends—some of you especially—let it encourage you to persevere in the way in which you are called upon to walk. However difficulties may thicken, and darkness may increase, hold fast the profession of your faith, without wavering—trust your cause altogether to him, who knows best, what is best for us. "Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not; behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you."

And as we thus resign our cause and our hearts to the government of the Redeemer, there will be a mighty change wrought in us as individuals, and a great change in the church. We shall more and more be enabled to aspire after those things that are excellent, and leaving those things that are behind, we shall press forward towards the heavenly mark, for the prize of the high calling of God, in Christ Jesus our Lord; and we shall then feel, from the influence of divine good, and from the reflection of the divine light upon our understandings, that

"He builds too low, who builds beneath the skies."

Was this belief deeply impressed upon the mind, it would redeem us from a love of the present world—from a desire for its accumulations—its fashions and its maxims. These will be nothing to us, if we keep in view this instructive sentiment. Let us resign our hearts, our all to the government of the holy spirit, and be governed by him, who is standing at the door, knocking for an entrance—and in relation to some of you, until his head has been filled with dew, and his locks with the drops of the night. Oh, yield in a most unqualified manner, unto him, who has a right to all that we have, and who claims our dedication, to his great cause. Then, there are those within these walls, who will increasingly experience the joys of God's salvation, to be infinitely superior to all that this world can possibly furnish, although it promises much. The world promises much, but is a great, a very great deceiver. How many have been deceived by its specious promises, and have never realized them, after they have been looking for comfort and happiness from them. [illegible] the Lord Jesus Christ, and upon him, and trust in his holy name, so that we may become united with him in a covenant, a perpetual covenant, never to be broken. And united to one another in a covenant of love and of light, and become one another's joy and rejoicing in the Lord—united in heart, and walking in the ways of piety and virtue; united in spirit, and in the doctrines of the gospel of our holy Redeemer. And then as we advance in our journey on earth, we shall feel that we are advancing in the spiritual life; and preparing for that everlasting Kingdom of righteousness and peace, where there is joy, where there is rejoicing, where there is but one true, and living, and perpetual song. Oh, my friends, how deeply interesting the consideration!—to be prepared to become members of the church triumphant through our faithfulness, while we are members of the militant church—and through the influence of the blessed Redeemer who died for us—who gave himself for us, that we might live; the just for the unjust.—He loved us, before we loved him, and gave himself for us that he might redeem us from iniquity, that we might become united to God in a perpetual covenant, never, never to be broken. Oh, the excellency and goodness of the Most High! Who can look forward to the blessed results of a life so devoted! Were this world with all its promises—with all its allurements—with all its trials—with all its heart-rending affections—were this world all, what a weary thing life would be! Would you not think so with me—if this were all, what a dreary thing life would be! But this world is not all. There is a blessed state beyond the confines of the grave—there is a blessed state, where the spirits of just men made perfect, are in entire safety—where no more aching is known, where all tears are wiped from all eyes—and where the blessed employment shall be through all the countless ages of an eternal world, in the ascription of glory, thanksgiving, honor, and high renown, unto Him who hath redeemed those who have submitted to his blessed power.

I will not add. It appears to me that our thoughts cannot possibly centre on a more delightful theme, than to look beyond the confines of the present state, to those joys that are unutterable and full of glory; so to feel the importance thereof, as to induce us to use all diligence while here, to make our calling and election sure.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Guianna's Address to the Moon.

Thou pale—thou beautiful, to thee I kneel,
Marking thy wandering thro' the broad blue sky
In graceful gaze—as if my heart would feel
Calm adoration for thee—and was nigh
To a bright guardian that had look'd on me,
E'en from the young days of my infancy.

Is it not so? Near to those yellow shores
These native waters roll, oh hast thou not
Seen my young pleasures—when our busy oars
O'er the cool wave, at evening hour, would sport
In that bright pathway—where thy silv'ry beam
Fell beautiful upon the glassy stream.

Beneath the broken towers, majestic heights,
The ruined abbey—and the gothic hall,
Oft have I wandered in thy fairy lights,
Plucking the ivy from the crumbling wall,
Nor fearing any spectre knight would play,
His frightful gambols in thy gentle lay.

Thou saw'st me when I whisper'd "Home farewell,"
Yet still by me thy friendly beam would stay,
Smiling above the ocean's stormy swell
To guide our vessel on her cheerful way,
And light the sleepless mariner to spread
The rattling canvass, o'er his weary head.

These skies are foreign, and I tread the ground
Thy fathers saw not, yet when thou art flinging
Upon the hills, the woods, the waves around,
Thy friendly radiance, tho' my heart be clinging
To native land, yet it can hold as dear
A foreign home, since it can meet thee there.

We'll climb yon hill, we'll wander o'er yon plain,
We'll skim yon wave, moon! we will rove together,
Till mother earth call home her child again,
Then part we—part we—sadly and forever—
For oh, fair moon, 'tis not for thee to come
To cheer the dwelling of Earth's shadowy home.

Yet thou can'st look upon the road that leads
To my cold prison-house—there will be flowers—
And fresh green blades, and moss, and harmless weeds
To paint the passage, and at evening hours—
Then musing strangers o'er the church-yard lone
Shall wander slowly in thy silent glade,
Then thou can'st light them as they go, to read,
Guianna's fame, upon the polish'd stone.

I'll sit and weave me, to thy kindly light
A wreath of ivy, and of blossoms bright,
And ere it wither, or its scenes be fled,
I'll have it bound around my dying head,
'Twill cool the fever of my burning brow
To wear those things pluck'd from their tender stem,
Where they were springing beautiful, and thou
As beautiful, were shining upon them.

SAINT PERRIRE.

BY B. W. RICHARDS, ESQ.

"The retired house-keeper hath his head over fortune, that her injuries, however violent or suddenne never, do not daunt himme; for whether his time call him to live or die, he can do both noble; if to fall, his deperit is breast to breast with virtue, and even thence, like ye moone near his nett, he showeth unto the world his clearest countenance."

Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters.

They say that neither the word *comfort*, nor its synonyme, can be found in the Dictionary of France; and yet, where lies the country in which that sensation can be more delightfully experienced? Look at the gardens of Paris,—at the gorgeous elegance of her hotels, where, as has been truly said, any thing can be had for a gesture, and the bill is paid by the simple expenditure of "*cambien?*" and a few franks! Look at the chairs along the promenades of the Tuileries, at the elegant loungers about the Palais Royale, or the Luxembourg,—basking in the sunshine, luxuriating at a chafe, or ogling the ladies at the Opera,—comforts abundant, and dog cheap, all!

These, however, are comforts for the young and the middle-aged, with whom "the wine of life has run not to the lees." But are the aged without *their* peculiar enjoyments? Is garrulous Eld deprived of the many satisfactions that dissel sadness as a vapour, and *cheer* as a cloud? Not at all. A thousand measures are resorted to, by which even the stings of poverty become assimilated to

——"a lover's pinch,
That hurts, yet is desired."

It would require a volume to contain a record of all the benevolent or agreeable refuges of life, with which the French capital abounds. One only will now be mentioned, and of which the personal observation of the writer enables him to speak with correctness, and confident eulogium. It is the boarding mansion of *Saint Perrire*.

This institution is in the vicinity of Paris, and was established for the reception of aged men and females, who, by their various vicissitudes of life, have been deprived of that station and comfortable maintenance in society, which their means, more or less abundant, may have enabled them to enjoy. The establishment comprises a large building, with appropriate out-houses, and a spacious garden and ground. In the main building are lodging rooms, a dining hall, a music and reading room. In the garden and grounds are erected, separate from each other, a number of cottages. None are admitted into this institution until they are *sixty years of age*. Of that age and upwards, there are a great number of residents, both male and female; a larger part occupying the main building, but many, especially of the females, occupying the cottages. Each resident pays six hundred francs, or about one hundred and twenty dollars per annum, and for this sum they are amply provided with food and lodging, have a gratuitous laundry, and are furnished with all necessary medicines, as well as with the attendance of a physician. The allowance of bread per diem is one pound and a half, with a bottle of wine for each man. Those who enter at the age of sixty-five, may, upon paying three thousand francs, or about six hundred dollars, remain until their death, free of all further expense.

This Mansion was founded by the kind-hearted, generous Empress, Josephine, and in the view of every philanthropist, will entitle her to more celebrity than many of her imperial distinctions,—though there was not one of these, to which her natural endowments did not add grace and lustre. It was first placed under the direction of Madame Gluck,—but the management of this lady involved the institution in debt, and induced the Government to place it under the direction and control of four peers of France, who superintended the general expenditures. It is now in a most flourishing condition, and has numerous inmates from highly respectable ranks in life, who appear to appreciate and enjoy its advantages with great contentment and satisfaction. They are visited by their friends, and visit them in their turn, being enabled to enter Paris with great facility, by means of the omnibusses, which frequently pass the Mansion. The writer had the pleasure of conversing with an intelligent and well educated lady, a resident of one of the cottages, who, for the mere sum of one hundred and fifty dollars per annum, was enjoying as many of the comforts of life as she desired, and was frequently visited by friends with whom she had been intimate in days of former prosperity. The income from the residents under the present management, is understood fully to defray all the expenses of the institution. There are a Purveyor general and Superintendent for the Mansion,—excellent officers. The most of the inmates eat at the common table; but in the warm season, great numbers may be seen taking their meals, which each one carries in a small basket, under the shelter of the numerous trees, whose grateful shadows checker the green slopes around. It is a benevolent and most useful establishment, and has the rare and important merit of meeting the exigencies or wants of a large class of persons, without wounding those feelings of honest, commendable pride, which incline us all to shrink from the reception of charity. As each one maintains [illegible] he pays.

There is much that is pleasant, and creditable to humanity, in the sustenance of such an institution. It is questionable how far it would meet the *present* habits and taste of commonalties in the great cities of America,—but there is little doubt that it may yet come to be a desideratum. How consoling is the view of age, descending gently along the yet sunny declivities of life, in serenity and peace,—visited by friends yet lingering upon earth, and reviving in calm, social intercourse, the visions and raptures of other days! The chances of fortune are uncontrolable, and the time is not distant, when such a mansion would be desired by many in our country, who could, in such a retreat, spend the even reaches of their days, and go from thence to that house of "many mansions," whose builder is God. So cheap are the necessaries of life with us, that a similar institution, with regular management, and a goodly number of inmates, (easily obtained,) would be a lucrative project. Saint Perrire should be seen, to be appreciated. It seemed to the writer, as he surveyed its fine appointments and spacious domains, that it was a place where tranquility was the watch-word: where the weary and the aged could enjoy a serene siesta, after the noisy entertainments that precede the grand climacteric of life; a cheerful haunt, encircled with an ever gentle train

"Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky."

The e, eke the soft delights that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh,—
And whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest,
Was far, far off, expelled from that delicious nest."

Philadelphia.

THE FATAL DUEL.

The following chapter is an extract from "John Marston Hall," a new novel, by Mr. James, author of "Richelieu," "Philip Augustus," &c. It is a highly wrought and deeply interesting description of a duel between two persons who had been friends for years.

I immediately obeyed, and choosing one of the grooms who was my more especial favourite in the family, I gave him the papers, with injunctions to use all speed and diligence. I then returned to the library, and found that the duke had just concluded a billet, on which he wrote the address of the Count de Mesnil, and after drawing a small cord of floss silk across the folds, he sealed the ligature at both ends, and put the note into my hands:—"You will take that," he said with a calm smile, "to our good friend the Count de Mesnil; but do not go till after breakfast, nor let it seem, by your manner, that there is any thing extraordinary in your mission; for, to my taste, things of this kind had better always be conducted as quietly as possible. Deliver into the Count's own hand, when you have reached his dwelling, and bring me back his reply."

Of course I very well understood that I was charged with one of those cartels of mortal defiance which were then so common in every country in Europe. The matter certainly was nothing new to me, for many a very trifling dispute had I seen brought to the arbitrement of the sword, when I followed the camp of the cavaliers; but it did seem strange to me that the duke so far departed from the general customs of the day as to send his defiance by a page, instead of some man equal in rank and station to the person for whom it was intended. I found afterwards, however, that his irritable fear of ridicule, which was the next prominent characteristic of his mind to its susceptibility of the slightest suspicion, was the cause of any thing that appeared irregular in his method of proceeding. However that might be, of course I did not object to the task, though it seemed to me doubtful how Monsieur de Mesnil would receive such a cartel from a page, and what might be his treatment of the bearer. Personal risk seldom entered into my calculation in these matters, and I ordered my horse to be ready after ten, and I ordered my horse to be ready after breakfast, and a groom to be prepared to accompany me, as gaily as if I had been going upon an errand of pleasure. Before setting out, however, I had an opportunity of seeing the behaviour of the duke towards his wife, and it, I confess, was the first thing that gave me any pain in the business. It was so gentle, so affectionate, so different from what it had been on former occasions, that, as the thought flashed across my mind, that the first day of such tenderness might be the last of his life, I would have given more than all I had in the world to prevent the proposed encounter from taking place. To do so was, of course, impossible; and accordingly after breakfast I mounted my horse, and rode away for Mesnil Moray, the dwelling of Monsieur de Villardin's adversary.

Though I was a little gloomy when I sat out, old habits soon got the better of new feelings, and I readily brought myself to look upon the affair altogether as one of those matters which every man must undertake, at least, a hundred times in the course of his life. "Monsieur de Villardin," I thought, "will fight fifty more, I hope, before he has done with the sword," and with this consolatory reflection, I cantered on as fast as I could. Somewhat less than an hour brought me to the gates of the chateau; and, on demanding to see Monsieur de Mesnil, I was instantly admitted to his presence. I thought he turned rather pale when he saw me, but it might be merely imaginary; and certainly, throughout the whole, he behaved like a man of honour and courage. He took the billet, and cutting the silk, read it attentively, with a slight frown knitting his brows. He then asked me in a calm tone, "Do you know the contents of this note, young man?"

The question puzzled me a little, for though I strongly suspected the general nature of what the billet contained, yet I knew none of the particulars, and could not even be sure of that which I imagined. I answered, therefore, that "I did not;" and the count rejoined throwing the note into the fire, "Well, then, as Monsieur de Villardin has been kind enough to send me an unceremonious request, I will send him an unceremonious reply. Tell him I will accept his invitation, with all its particulars, and that I am his very obedient servant. You may add, I would have written, but that I have a great deal to do between this and night."

Charged with this ambiguous message, I returned to the Prés Vallée, and found Monsieur de Villardin playing with his little girl, while Madame de Villardin was in her own chamber, preparing to go out with him for a walk.

"Have you brought any note?" he asked me immediately, taking advantage of his wife's absence, to enquire the result of my embassy in private. I replied, that I had only received a verbal answer; upon which he formed a pretext to send away the little girl, and made me give him a detailed account of all that had occurred.

"Well, well," he said, as I concluded, "it is all well. Be prepared to go with me at six o'clock to-night, and get a spade and pick-axe privately from the garden."

I did not well know what to anticipate from these directions, for it was then in the early part of the spring, and at six o'clock, the evening was too far advanced to afford any thing like sufficient light for a fair single combat. Neverthe

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, May 2.

☞ Published weekly, at No. 26 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, opposite the Girard Bank.

☞ When addressing the publisher respecting subscribers, correspondents will please *always* mention at what post office the papers are received.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"A Constitutionalist," shall appear next week.

"A Smoker" should amend his orthography, or when he writes *groth* and *acne*, give the definition in a note.

The articles signed "Albano," "The Hermit," and "G. R. G," are declined on account of their numerous defects.

"E. F. G." is on file.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Book of Nature.—Number II, of the second volume of this work, was published last week. It contains representations of several varieties of the Squirrel, eight specimens of water birds, including the Goosander and Patogonian Penguin, six varieties of the Thrush, as well as engravings of Flying-fish, Stargazers, and other anomalies in the animal world. This number also contains two plates of Conchology, one of vegetable Anatomy, and one of Vermes. Letter press descriptions are appended to each plate. Another number will complete the work.

Society in Great Britain.—A second edition of Stewart's Sketches of Society in Great Britain and Ireland, has just been issued by Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard. This work embraces much valuable information in relation to the manners and habits of the people of England and Ireland, as well as interesting descriptions of scenery, ancient public buildings, institutions, &c. Mr. Stewart is a liberal and enlightened American—an officer in the United States navy—and a gentleman of acknowledged talents. The popularity of his work is well deserved.

City and Country Spelling Book.—Mr. John Simmons of this city, has just published part first of a new spelling book under this title. It was examined in manuscript by a number of experienced teachers, whose recommendations are appended, and highly approved. The spelling and reading lessons are alternated, so as to break the dull motony which prevails in most publications of the kind.

Aboriginal Port Folio.—Mr. J. O. Lewis, an artist of acknowledged talents, is about to publish in numbers, a collection of Indian Lithographic portraits, taken by him during a residence of about fifteen years, among various Indian tribes of the west. Mr. Lewis was connected with the mission of Governor Cass, and was present at several important Indian Treaties, during which he improved every facility for sketching portraits of distinguished aborigines. He has succeeded in obtaining nearly one hundred portraits, all of which are said to be remarkably true to nature. Some of the lithographs we have examined, and we are sure that they are well calculated to excite interest. The first number of the Port-folio will be published next week.

The Banished Irishman.—This is the title of a new novel, in two volumes, just published by Harper & Brothers, of New York. It is written with much power and spirit, and contains an amusing detail of ludicrous adventures, through which Mr. O'Blarney, the hero passed. Excessive modesty was his leading fault, and the great drawback on his fortunes, whether operating as an actor, an author, an editor, a politician, or a doctor. It was this that got him a toss in a blanket, *a la-mode*, Sancho Panza—afterwards a horsewhipping for a newspaper libel—then an acquaintance with the interior of a prison—then a trial for bigamy, and subsequently a voyage to New Holland, at the expense of his Majesty. His misfortunes were, however, borne with a good grace, and his rehearsal of them is irresistibly droll and laughable.

The work may be obtained of Mr. H. Perkins, Chesnut street.

Answer to "Six Months in a Convent."—We have been politely favored, by Messrs. Chappell & Co. 221 Chesnut street—where the work may be obtained—with a copy of the Answer of the Lady Superior, to Miss Reed's little book entitled "Six Months in a Convent." We have read it with much attention, and if we could make up our mind to believe that the assertions of the Lady Superior are entitled to more consideration than those of Miss Reed, we should say, without hesitation, that the government of the Ursuline Convent has been *greatly abused*.—When, and where the moral character of the opposing individuals is personally unknown, we must, of necessity, take other circumstances into consideration before we can form an opinion.

In this case we do not design to hazard an opinion on either side, because by pursuing the subject we *may* be led, unwittingly, into error. The matter is one, moreover, upon which the intelligent reader, who peruses both publications, will need no advice. We deem it sufficient to remark that the Lady Superior denies, in the first place, the statements of Miss Reed in gross, and secondly in detail. According to her "Answer," there is scarcely a page in Miss Reed's book that does not contain "false hoods and manifold abnurdities," and even the title, "Six months in a Convent," is declared to be a lie, Miss Reed's actual residence in the Convent being short of that length of time.

The Lady Superior, we think, has been indiscreet in the use of certain terms of reproach, abuse and contumely, in reference to her opponent; and her allusions to Miss Reed's *poverty* is in bad taste for a lady who professes liberal and enlightened views. In this respect Miss Reed has unquestionably the advantage, as the language she employs is invariably decorous and chaste.

A review of both publications, we observe has been published in Boston. It is said to be written by one who is entirely unacquainted with the Superior, the Nuns, Miss Reed, or the Committee of Publication.—We find the following extracts in the Boston Transcript:

(Page 74.) "There was no office of adoration to the Blessed Virgin. Catholics *honor*, in a special manner, the Virgin Mary, as she is the mother of Christ; but they do not *adore* her. *Adoration* they pay to none but God." In contradiction to this assertion, we quote from the "Catholic Manual," the authority of which, we presume the Superior will not question, merely premising, that the meaning of "*adore*," as shown by its derivation, is *to pray to*.

[From the 45th p. of the Catholic Manual printed at Baltimore.]

A prayer to Implore the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary.—"O holy Mary! my sovereign Queen, and most loving Mother, receive me under the blessed patronage, &c. this day, and every day, and at the *hour of my death, I recommend to thee my soul and body.* I commit to *thee all* my hopes and comforts, *all* my afflictions and miseries, my *life* and my *death*," &c. We ask confidently, are expressions like these inadmissible, only in *honor* of the Blessed Virgin. Do they not constitute that which Christ says is due to the Supreme Being alone?

(Page 142.) "Had such a remark been made, (says the Superior) by any one in the community, that she hoped there was not another *Judas* among them, it would have been very appropriate." Then she admits a grand point that is at issue, "*another Judas*" among them, who was Mary Francis, alias Miss Kennedy, and if so, that the woman ran away from the Convent, through dislike of the treatment she received there, or was sent away from it, for if she had experienced kind usage, and entire harmony of feeling had subsisted between her and the Superior, there would not have been the least reason in the world for her turning "*Judas*."

On the 13th page of the "Answer," it is asserted that "Miss Reed did not say she wished to go into the school, until she had made sufficient progress to take the veil, but asked admittance as a *servant*, even after I proposed, at the third interview, that she should be a *pupil*." Now, we ask, if these two stories are not inconsistent. Dr. Byrne says that she told him "it was her wish to become an Ursuline;"—the Superior on the other hand declares, that she requested her *most earnestly* to admit her as a *servant*, and does not even *hint* that she desired to join the sisterhood. But it may be answered, perhaps, Miss Reed did tell one story to Dr. Byrne, and another to the Superior, which dissimulation corresponds to what some folks say of her character. This cannot be believed for a moment. We put it to any candid person, whether it is not altogether incredible, that a young woman, who, with tears entreats a Catholic priest to put her in the way of taking the veil,—who is so earnest in the matter, that she is charged by him with turning Catholic, for no other purpose than to gain admittance into the Convent—is it not incredible that this woman, when an interview is obtained for her with the Superior, that she *may* express the wish and have some conversation with her on the subject,—should not make the most distant allusion,—so far as we can gather from the Superior's account,—to her inclination to become a recluse, but should, (O what a fall was there,) "*most earnestly solicit* to be employed as a *servant*, *to scrub the floor, and to do other laborious work.*"

Again; Miss Reed is described by Mrs. Moffat as not knowing how to read, or write, or sew with tolerable decency, and as having already been out to service. We wish to know then, what place was in Miss R's situation, that should make the Superior refuse to *receive her as a servant*, but "*propose* to admit her as a *pupil*." Is this her usual habit with all who apply to become her domestics? The Superior knows that Miss R. mentioned to her, her strong inclination to take the veil, and that she was admitted, in order to ascertain whether she was a fit person to join the community.

But we have not concluded the evidence on this head. It is known to the pupils, that Miss R. wore the dress of a *novice*, while in the institution, and assumed it on going there; and if so, she was *received* and she *continued* in the Convent, as a *candidate for the veil*,—all which is denied by the Superior.

There is yet one part of the proof we have not yet brought forward, which is clear and forcible. It is this, Dr. Byrne says, that in the letter of Sept. 2d, the Superior writes, "I think it best that Miss Reed should make her *confession* and *communion* before she enters." We ask you directly, "My Lady Superior," do you think to impose so far on the common sense of your readers, as to make them think you required a girl—who asked, as you say, only to be your "*servant* and to *scrub your floor*," and whom, according to your book you admitted in no other capacity than that of a pupil—to "*make confession* and *communion*?" The idea is too absurd to be entertained a moment. It is customary for those who enter nunneries, as novices, to go through these ceremonies, and Miss Reed's being obliged to go through them shows, conclusively, that she went to Mount Benedict as a candidate for the veil.

We will now proceed to look more narrowly into the Institution; bearing in mind the privacy and mystery that are observed in regard to it.

At the trial of John R. Buzzell, one of the Convent rioters, Mary Benedict testified, "the nuns knelt to receive the Bishop's benediction." The Superior stated: "they make confessions to the Bishop—I make confession to him—it is done once a week." In her Reply, she says, "We never kneh in the presence of the Bishop, except two or three times a year, to ask his benediction." In order to obtain a little information concerning the method of confession, we looked at the 137th page of the Catholic Manuel, used by the Catholics in this country, and the very first words we saw were,—the penitent, kneeling down at the side of his ghastly father, makes the sign of the cross, and asks his blessing: Pray, Father, give me your blessing, for I have sinned. Then he says the *confiteor*; I confess, &c., "and this is the form that is *always* gone through." So it appears, that *every* time confession is made, the penitent *kneels*;—the Superior admits that the nuns confess "once a week," and nevertheless declares "that they never kneel in presence of the Bishop except *two* or *three* times a *year*." How will falsehood be discovered, when it most seems to wear the habiliments of truth? We wish to know too, whether the Superior will say that the scholars were not obliged to *kneel* before her and kiss the floor when guilty of some offences. The scholars say they were, and taking this fact in connection with the preceding statement, will it not appear, that *kissing the flour was* an important and frequent occupation of the inmates of the Community?

The Committee of Publication have announced their intention of replying to the "answer" of the Lady Superior. They say that the publication will comprise about the same quantity of matter as "Six Months in a Convent," and that they will "give to the enquiring public further facts, evidence and detail touching the Convent, which will effectually settle the question here, that such institutions ought to be discountenanced." Of course this will add fuel to the present excitement.

FANNY BUTLER'S JOURNAL.

This long expected work has at length appeared, from the press of Carey, Lea & Blanchard. We received our copy so late in the week, that we have been unable to peruse more than the first volume, and shall, of course, defer our remarks for a future occasion.

There is a rashness in the style of the book, that well accords with the character of the writer. The Journal appears to be a record of thought, feeling and impulse—at one time soaring among the stars, and at another descending considerably below our mother earth—now applauding and anon censuring in the same breath, all that passed within the observation of the journalist. There is more of *point* than of *refinement*, however, in the portions we have read, and, more pertishness and illiberality than we expected to find.

Mrs. Butler seems to have had some doubts of the permanency of this Republic, but now that she has taken up her residence among us, we hope her views are changed. On page 56, she says:—

These democrats are as title-sick as a banker's wife in England. My father told me to-day, that Mr. —— talking about the state of the country, spoke of the lower orders finding their level; now this enchants me, because a republic is a natural anomaly; there is nothing republican in the construction of the material universe; there be highlands and lowlands, lordly mountains as barren as any aristocracy, and lowly valleys, as productive as any labouring classes. The feeling of rank, of inequality, is inherent in us, a part of the veneration of our natures; and like most of our properties seldom finds its right channels—in place of which it has created artificial ones suited to the frame of society into which the civilized world has formed itself. I believe in my heart that a republic is the noblest, highest, and purest form of government; but I believe that according to the present disposition of human creatures, 'tis a mere beau ideal, totally incapable of realization, and I cannot exactly perceive—but in the mean time, 'tis my conviction that America will be a monarchy before I am a skeleton.

Philadelphia and Trenton Rail Road.—The travel on this important work is rapidly increasing. During the week ending last Friday there were *Twenty-seven hundred and twenty-three* passengers carried upon the road. A survey of the straight Turnpike between Trenton and New Brunswick has just been completed previous to the commencement of grading and laying down the Rails, in order to complete the chain of communication to New York. From New Brunswick to Newark the road will be completed in all the year, and from Newark to Jersey City, it is now completed, and 2500 passengers were carried on it last week. Within 15 months from this time, passengers will probably be conveyed by this route between Philadelphia and New York, in four hours and a half. A large Depot 60 by 90 feet is now building by the Philadelphia and Trenton Rail Road Company at the corner of Front and Harrison streets, Kensington.—*Com. Herald.*

A WHITE SLAVE.

A most extraordinary and outrageous abuse of usurped authority over a fellow creature, was developed at the upper police office on Saturday. Mr. James M'Enally, of Fourth street, applied to Mr. Palmer the magistrate to send a little girl about fourteen years of age to the House of Refuge, as he said she was so badly disposed that it was impossible to get any good of her. Mr. Palmer consented to take the girl and send her to the House of Refuge or the Alms House, and Mr. M'Enally brought her to the Police office. When he was leaving the office, he stretched out his hand to shake hands with her, but instead of putting out her hand to meet his, she shrunk back from him as if his attempting to touch her had terrified her. Mr. M'Enally then left the office. Mr. Palmer had observed the occurrence, and perceiving that the girl was from some cause or other in a state of extreme terror, he addressed her in a soothing manner, and endeavored to encourage her by saying that she should be taken good care of, and made comfortable. Whilst he was speaking to her he took her by the hand. On doing so he perceived that it was black and bruised from some hurt. Mr. Palmer asked her what happened to her hand, and she replied in the most piteous manner, "Oh! sir, my *master* has beat me, and my back is very sore." Mr. Palmer then examined her person, and found that from the small of her back down to the calf of her leg was covered with black marks, bruises and cuts, some of which were festering.

On making this discovery Mr. Palmer made inquiries into the matter, and from what has yet been developed it appears that a Mr. R. formerly of this city, obtained possession of the girl, but by what means is as yet unknown, when she was only a few years old, and reared her and treated her completely as a slave. A few months back Mr. R. left this city and went to reside in New Jersey, and when going there, hired out the girl to McEnally in the same way that any slave owner would hire out a slave, at twenty shillings a month, the money to be paid to R. and the girl to get nothing but food and raiment.—The unfortunate little girl possesses an extremely agreeable and rather pretty countenance—and evinces too much simplicity in the history she gives of herself, to leave any ground for doubt of its being true. She is altogether ignorant of her name and parentage, and only remembers that she once lived in the country. When she came in possession of Mr. R. he named her *Philadelphia*, which, when speaking to her, he generally abbreviated to the word *Philly*, and this is the only name she recollects to have been ever called by. By her own account she has been always treated as a complete slave, and since she has been with her last master, with the exception of food, of which she says she got sufficient, she has been treated worse than most slaves have been treated in this country during the last half century. She was obliged to sleep on the garret floor without any thing but one blanket for a bed and covering, and as to her apparel, she says it was never better than what she now wears, and her outer garment is seemingly composed of a piece of an old sack. There was a gentleman of strong nerves and by no means given to the "melting mood" present when she was examined at the Police Office, and so much was he affected by her story and the horrible appearance which her person presented, that he wept like a child. As soon as Mr. Palmer examined her and heard her story, he immediately had McEnally brought to the police, and bound over to answer whatever charge might be brought against him for ill-treating her.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

Leeches.—Extraordinary.—On the 2d ult. as Mr. Samuel Carll of West Hills was standing in his door early in the morning, he observed that his large white gander was covered with something which appeared to be mud, but on a nearer inspection was ascertained to be numerous *leeches*.—Several of the family attempted to catch the gander, but he ran a considerable distance, and through a pile of brush; and when at length he was caught, ninety-three large leeches were taken from him. It is supposed there must have been more than two hundred on him when first discovered. They adhered very fast to the flesh under the feathers, and many were as large as a man's little finger.—*Brooklyn Star.*

MR. CLAYTON'S ACCOUNT OF HIS AERIAL EXCURSION.

The following is from the Cincinnati Gazette of Saturday last. It is the conclusion of the most interesting account of an Aërial Excursion that has been given to the public for a long time. Mr. Clayton took his departure from Cincinnati on the eighth ult. and returned on the seventeenth. The account is from the pen of the Aëronaut himself.—

A little beyond Portsmouth, I had a fine view of the Iron Forges and Furnaces, whose fires illuminated the atmosphere for a number of miles. I could not by the light of the moon, make any Thermometrical observations, the quicksilver in the tube being so small I could not see its height, but the quicksilver in the Barometer being of a greater volume, I could plainly see it move up and down, and although I could not see the figures on the scale,—yet, I could tell when I was at a safe distance from the earth, by the distance that the quicksilver stood above a piece of brass which formed a protection to the Thermometer, immediately alongside of the barometer. Whenever I felt tired, I would seat myself in the bottom of the car, placing the barometer opposite to me, which its height, and when I found it rising, would throw out some ballast, and counteract its course. Now and then I would look over the car, and notice particularly, the direction, and situation of the water courses which I had in sight, nearly the whole of my voyage, and without which I should not have been able to trace my course. Soon after passing the Scioto river, I entered another current of air, which carried me due East, and immediately over Concord. Soon after I passed into another current which carried me E. N. E. and brought me at 11 o'clock, nearly up to Gallipolis, a little below which I crossed the Ohio River. On passing into a new current of air, the balloon is slightly agitated; at which time I would always be particular in ascertaining its direction. Soon after crossing the Ohio, the Balloon was again agitated and I found that I had passed from the E. N. E. current, into another, which carried me S. E. and soon brought me over the Kanawha River and from the rapidity the terrestrial objects appeared to move, I found my rate of travelling had increased. At half after twelve I passed over Charleston, and in a few minutes I was carried over the Furnaces of the Kanawha Salt Works. I continued this course until, I was in sight of the lake formed by Gauly and New Rivers.

While in sight of New river I approached the earth; my ballast was nearly exhausted, and as the place over which I was floating appeared to be an open country, I prepared for a descent. I threw overboard my anchor, which after dragging for a little distance, caught firmly hold of a tree; but on coming close to the tops I found, to my surprise, that instead of a fine open country, I was in a dense forest, on a considerable elevation. The wind was blowing powerfully, and finding it impossible to break the hold of the anchor, the only way of liberating myself from this situation was to cut away the cable. This I did, and in a short time ascended to an altitude as great as I had previously attained. The cold was intense, but I could not ascertain the height of the thermometer; I have no doubt it was nearly as low as zero. I had now lost sight of the water courses, and could see no lights in any direction. I laid myself down in the bottom of the car, buttoned my coat tightly around me, put on my gloves, covered myself with two blankets, which I had taken as wrappers for the balloon, drank some brandy, felt comfortable and highly delighted with my novel trip, and in this situation fell fast asleep.

I was awakened at last by my car striking. I immediately sprang on my feet, and in another moment the car was dragging over the tops of the trees. I saw before me a river and I thought some buildings; they appeared but a little distance from me; but I afterwards found they were about four miles off. I attempted to stop my balloon by clinging to the branches of the trees. Several of them broke but at last I caught hold of a strong bough, and by clinging with all my strength with one hand, and pulling the valve rope with the other. I was enabled in a short time to draw my car down the tree several feet, and to secure it by means of rope. After being confident that I had secured my balloon, I looked at my watch and found it to be half after 2 o'clock. At this time of the morning I thought it would be useless to go in search of any assistance. I therefore remained in the car, 80 feet at least from the ground, until day-break, and then descended to explore the wilderness in which I had landed.

I could discover no trace of human footsteps, no mark of damage produced by man. Numerous large trees had been leveled to the ground, but there was no mark of the woodman's axe upon them, they had evidently been uprooted by the hurricane. Perceiving that I was on a mountain and that there was another point still higher, I ascended to the top of it, and could perceive in the valley, and in the direction I had seen the river the previous evening a cultivated spot. After travelling alongside of a beautiful spring rivulet for about 3 miles, I found the spot but had to follow a track of 2 miles further to get assistance. We conveyed the balloon to the house of Mr. Joseph Graham, a respectable farmer with whom I remained 3 days before I could get a conveyance to return. During my stay at Mr. Graham's I was visited by great numbers of people from the surrounding country.

The spot on which I landed, is the top of the mountain, 3,000 feet (as indicated by the barometer) above the level of the sea, and is called Steven's Knob, or Stinson's Knob, near Keaney's Knob, Monroe county, Virginia, about 4 miles from Green Brier river, 18 miles from Union, 20 miles from Lewisburg, within sight of the Alleghany mountains, and at a distance from Cincinnati, according to the route I travelled in the Balloon, of 350 miles, but according to the usual method of travelling, more than 400 miles, which distance I travelled in 9½ hours.

This voyage, I believe, has fulfilled the promises I made in my advertisement, and is the longest voyage, by far, ever performed by any person in a balloon.

(From the Portsmouth, N. H. Journal, April 18.)

PORT-AU-PRINCE—HAYTI.

We have recently conversed with a gentleman who has resided for a short time at that place, and his account was so interesting and novel, that we shall attempt a few particulars for our readers.

This city, it is well known, is the capital of Hayti, which has now been for more than forty years in possession of the blacks. The city now contains about 60,000 inhabitants. It is situated on a declivity, is well laid out—and its principal streets are continually refreshed with regular currents of water which flow from the mountain, and empty into the bay.

The houses are mostly built of wood, and are two stories high. One peculiarity which strikes a northern visiter on entering the city, is the utter destitution of glass windows—scarcely a pane of glass can be seen in the whole city. At every place where a door can be hung, one is opened, that the air may circulate freely through the dwelling. Shop mechanics, such as cordwainers, tailors, &c. instead of working in their shops, may be seen arranged and diligently employed at their business on the outer edge of the side walks, in front of their shops over which a piazza usually projects. Another peculiarity is, that nothing like a *chimney* is to be seen in a dwelling house. Their cooking is usually done in the back yards, either in the open air or in sheds.

Hayti is under a military government, (an army of 20,000 is inspected every Sunday by the President at Port-au-Prince,) and nearly a thousand soldiers are continually stationed at different parts of the city, in detachments of eight or ten, to preserve the peace. If a citizen is found guilty of any disorderly conduct, he is at once seized, speedily tried, and in an hour or two is either imprisoned, or chained to a heavy weight and set at work on the public highway.

The prevailing religion is Roman Catholic, and the Sabbath is but little regarded, except as the greatest market day in the week.

The inhabitants are cleanly,—practise frequent bathing, and although some of the lower class are occasionally ragged, it is rare to see any with dirty clothing. Many of the children go naked until ten or twelve years of age. The inhabitants are courteous and strangers are well received by them. But few white residents however can be found—perhaps not more than a hundred white men then resided in the city, and only three white ladies.

President Boyer resides at Port-au-Prince. He has *fifteen* wives, who live in *different* houses, and have each assigned to them a piece of land as a garden for their own cultivation, and by its products support themselves in good style.

Many white residents have black wives. As it is a regulation of the Republic that no white man shall hold real estate, he evades the difficulty by taking a black wife, in whose name his property stands; they, however, pay but little more respect to their wives, than to treat them as servants, and seldom introduce them to strangers. All burdens are carried on the head, from a single orange to a tub of water. It is not an uncommon thing for a female to be seen walking leisurely through the street, with arms swinging, and a barrel of ship bread resting at ease on her head.

The ease which a living can be obtained from the abundance of fruits—and the little care which is requisite to provide a place to dwell in, tends to create an indolent disposition in many of the inhabitants, who under other circumstances might be more valuable citizens.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

Hard Prices.—If our fellow citizens in the country have any bowels of compassion, we pray them to send us something to eat. Every body here has both pockets full of money,—but it is to little purpose, if we must pay 18d a pound for a decent piece of beef to roast, or possibly, as a great act of condescension, be allowed to take it at 15d. Mutton chops are 12½a15cts, and other things much in the same proportion. It is unbecoming a free people, to live in such vassalage to the butchers; nay it is quite unconstitutional, and "opposed to the National and State Administrations." The butchers assign no reason for their conduct, except that they are obliged to pay high prices for cattle and sheep, which certainly, to a man possessing the feelings of an American, must be entirely unsatisfactory. One of them had the effrontery the other day to ask $7 50 for a single saddle of mutton, assigning no other reason than that he could get that much for it; and in this way, together with threats of selling to some other person, he finally so overawed an American citizen as to compel him to pay the money. We have no resource from which we can expect relief, except our fellow citizens in the country. There are but two ways of accounting for this monstrous revolution in the price of the necessaries of life. Either the game must have killed all the cattle, or else the prosperity which has followed it has been so great, that people have taken to eating two dinners a-day.

The following endorsement was upon one of the Water Tickets received at the 13th Ward Poll, at the recent election in New York:—

"Water, water's all the cry—
Give us water, or we die!
Manhattan will no longer do—
I'm for Croton—what are you?
Inside the ballot—Yes—" certainly, by all means."

THE GREAT FOOT RACE.

The great trial of human capabilities, in going ten miles within the hour for $1,000, to which $300 was added, took place last Friday on the Union Course, Long Island; and we are pleased to state that the feat was accomplished 12 seconds within the time, by a native born and bred American farmer, Henry Stannard, of Killingworth, Connecticut. Two others went the ten miles—one (a Prussian) in half a minute over; the other (an Irishman) in 11 over the time.

As early as nine o'clock, many hundreds had crossed the river to witness the race, and from that time until near two, the road between Brooklyn and the course presented a continuous line (and in many places a double line) of carriages of all descriptions, from the humble sand cart to the splendid barouche and four, and by two o'clock, it is computed that there was at least from 16,000 to 20,000 persons on the course. The day, though fine, being windy, delayed the start until 19 minutes before 2 when 9 candidates appeared in front of the stand, dressed in various colours, and assisted at the sound of the drum.

The following are the names, &c., of the competitors, in the order in which they entered themselves.

Henry Stannard, a farmer, aged 24 years, born in Killingworth, Connecticut. He is 6 feet 1 inch in height, and weighed 165 lbs. He was dressed in black silk pantaloons white shirt, no jacket, vest, or cap, black leather belt, and flesh coloured slippers.

Charles R. Wall, a brewer, aged 18, born in Brooklyn. His height was 5 feet 10½ inches, and he weighed 149 lbs.

Henry Sutton, a house painter, aged 23, born in Rahway, N. J. Height 5 feet, 7 inches, weight 133 lbs. He wore a yellow shirt and cap, buff breeches, white stockings, and red slippers.

George Wm. Glauer, a rope maker, aged 27, born in Elberfeldt, Prussia. Height 5 ft. 6¼ inches; weight 145 lbs. He had on an elegant dress of white silk with a pink stripe and cap to match; pink slippers and red belt.

Isaac S. Downes, a basket maker, aged 27, born at Brookhaven, Suffolk county. Height 5 feet 5½ inches; weight, 150 lbs. He was dressed in a white shirt, white pantaloons, blue stripe, blue belt, no shoes or stockings.

John Mallard, farmer, aged 33, born at Exeter, Otsego co. New York. Height, 5 feet 7½ inches; weight, 139 lbs. Dress, blue calico, no cap, shoes, or stockings.

William Verredyes, shoemaker, 22 years, born in N. York. Height, 5 feet 10¼ inches; weight, 150 lbs. Dressed in Green calico, with black belt; no shoes or stockings.

Patrick Mahony, a porter, aged 33, born in Kenmar, county Kerry, Ireland. Height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 130 lbs. Dress, a green gauze shirt, blue stripe calico breeches, blue belt, white stockings, and black slippers.

John McCargy, a butcher, aged 26, born at Harlaem. Height 5 ft. 10 inches; weight 160 lbs. Dressed in shirt, pink stripe calico trowsers, no shoes or stockings.

There was a tenth candidate, a black man, named Francis Smith, aged 25, born in Manchester, Virginia. Mr. Stevens was willing that this man should run; but as he had not complied with the regulation requiring his name to be entered by a certain day, he was excluded from contesting the race.

The men all started well, and kept together for the first mile, except Mahony, who headed the others several yards, and Mallard who fell behind after the first half mile. At the end of the second mile, one gave in; at the end of the fourth mile, two more gave up; in the fifth, a fourth man fell; at the end of the fifth mile a fifth man gave in; during the 8th mile Downes one of the fastest, and decidedly the handsomest runner, hurt his foot and gave in at the termination of that mile, leaving but three competitors, who all held out the distance. The following is the order in which each man came up to the judges' stand at the close of each mile:

MILES.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
Stannard,	3	4	3	2	3	2	2	1	1	1
Glauer,	2	2	1	1	2	3	3	3	2	2
Mahony,	1	1	5	6	5	4	4	4	3	3
Downes,	5	3	2	3	1	1	1	2 gave in		
McCargy,	6	7	7	7	4 gave in					
Wall,	4	5	4	4 gave in						
Sutton,	8	1	8	5 gave in						
Mallard,	5	9	6	8 fell and gave in						
Verredyes,	7	6 gave in								

The following is the time in which each mile was performed by Stannard, the winner. Mahony, the Irishman, did the first mile in 5 min. 24 sec.

	Min.	sec.
1st mile,	5	36
2d "	5	45
3d "	5	58
4th "	6	29
5th "	6	2
6th "	6	3
7th "	6	1
8th "	6	3
9th "	5	57
10th "	5	54
	59	48

The betting on the ground both before and at starting, was pretty even, and large sums were staked both for and against time. Downes was undoubtedly the general favourite; and was well known in the neighbourhood; he did the 8 miles in 48½ minutes; he had been well trained under his father, who in his 39th year, performed 17 miles in 1 hour and 45 minutes; accomplishing the first 12½ miles in 1 hour 15 minutes.

[illegible] stopping during the time to change his shoes. He was not sober when he started, and he fell in the 5th mile.

The German had performed the distance between New York and Harlaem, and returned (twice (12 miles) in 70 minutes;—his friends were very sanguine of his success. He betted nearly $300 that he would win the prize. He was within the time until the 6th mile, and he performed the 10 miles in 1 hour and 27 seconds. He was 4 seconds behind the time in the 8th mile. Part of the distance he carried a pocket handkerchief in his mouth.

Mahony, the Irishman, had undergone no training whatever; he left his porter's cart in Water street went over to the course, ran the first mile in less than 5½ minutes; at the end of the 5th mile he was 1½ behind; at the end of the 8th mile 2 minutes behind; at the 9th mile he was 3 minutes behind, and he performed the ten miles in 61½ minutes. On the 25th of last month, the man ran 8 miles in 41 minutes 56 seconds. McCargy was out of condition; but he did the 5 miles in 32½ minutes. Vermilyes was very thin and in a wretched state of health: he travelled 38 miles on foot on Tuesday last to be here in time to enter, and the next day performed 8 miles in 46 minutes; he is an excellent runner, but gave in at the end of the second mile from a pain in the side; he was also thrown down by a man crossing the course in the first mile. Wall and Sutton ran remarkable well, but gave in at the end of the 4th mile for want of training.

Stannard, the winner, we understand has been in good training for a month. He is a powerful stalwart young man, and did not seem at all fatigued at the termination of the race. He was greatly indebted to Mr. Stevens for his success; Mr. S. rode round the course with him the whole distance, and kept cheering him on, and cautioning him against over-exertion in the early part of the race; at the end of the 6th mile he made him stop and take a drink of brandy and water after which his foot was on the mile mark just as the 36 minutes were expired; and as the trumpet sounded he jumped forward gracefully, and cheerfully exclaimed, "Here am I to time," and he was within the time every mile. After the race was over he mounted a horse and rode round the course in search of Mr. Richard Jackson, who held his over coat. He was called up to the stand, and his success (and the reward of $1,300) was announced to him, and he was invited to dine with the Club; to which he replied in a short speech thanking Mr. Stevens and the gentlemen of the Club for the attention shown to the runners generally throughout the task. After this, it was announced by Mr. King the President of the Jockey Club, that the German and the Irishmen who had both performed the 10 miles, though not within the time, would receive $200 each.

We are happy to state that none of the men seemed to feel any inconvenience from their exertions—every thing went off remarkably satisfactory, nor did we hear of the slightest accident the whole day. After the last race was over, a purse of $300, 3 mile heats, for all ages, was run for by the following horses, and decided as under.

	1st	2d.		1st.	2d.
Turquin,	1	1	Rival	4	2
Post Boy,	2	3	Ajax,	5	Dist.
Col'n Taylor,	3	Dist.	Sir Alfred,	6 drawn.	

The first heat was performed in 3 min. 47 sec.—the second in 3 min. 50 sec.

During the running of this match a written paper was handed to Mr. King, stating that two native Americans were willing to attempt to walk 500 miles without eating or drinking, as soon as a purse of $500 should be made up.

The day was remarkable fine, but the wind blew very strongly on the course, and considering the vast amount of money (in bets, &c.) at stake, Mr. Stevens felt uncertain at first how to act, and decided to postpone the race, but the general opinion and desire seemed to be against any postponement, and he yielded to this. The result on this account was most fortunate. The race was very handsomely; although when it wanted but 28 seconds of the hour, bets at 5 to 3 were offered, and taken, that the task would not be accomplished. It is certain, that if the wind had not been so high, Stannard would have performed the 10 miles in 57 minutes.—*N. Y. Cour. and Inq.*

Milan Theatre.—"From my box adjoining the stage at Scala, I ascertained that every dancer made the sign of the cross as she skipped before the audience. This devout practice, which nearly touched my feelings, did not, however, seem to influence the exiguity of the ladies' petticoats, the freedom of their movements, the licentiousness of their gestures, or their natural consequences. In rambling over the stage, I discovered an altar ornamented with a figure of Madonna, before which tapers were burning, in evidence of the piety of the figurantes; such being their mode of invoking divine assistance in their pirouettes, and expressing their gratitude to Heaven for the steadiness and precision of an entrechat. A fleet appearance is always preceded by the solemnization of a neuvaine (nine days' masses.) An altar is erected in the slips, with the nymphs of Terpsichore burning incense, saying Ave's, and crossing themselves with pious fervour! What an exile can be more gratifying, or more calculated to purify one's notions of the abominations of the stage!"—*Baron d'Haussez's forthcoming Work.*

Epitome of the Times.

A robbery took place on Monday between one and two o'clock, from a house in Spruce street above Twelfth. Several articles of old silver were taken, and upwards of $40 in money, from the chamber in the second story. The family were absent at the moment.

Fire.—A fire broke out on Wednesday evening in a barn in the neighbourhood of Ridge Road and Green street. The conflagration raged with such fury that it was found impossible to remove anything from the barn, and one horse and twelve cows were burned. The property belonged to a respectable milkman, who from being in a state of comfort, is, by this calamity reduced to poverty.

Mr. Mills, the Aeronaut, announces, in the Baltimore papers, that he will make his eight grand ascension from Fairmount Garden, in that city, on Monday next, on which occasion he will be accompanied by a lady.—a Miss Phillips.

Shipwreck.—The brig Helen Mar, Capt. Stuart, from Tampico for New-York, with a cargo of pipe, flume, &c. and $109,000 in specie, consigned to E. K. Collins, was totally lost on the 24th ult., on the Washerwoman's Shoal. The crew saved, but the cargo lost as the vessel went down immediately. Three of the crew, named Henry Hillman, Francis Dillon, and William Jacobson, were left on the Key. The Captain came passenger in the brig Speed, from Havana.

Union Canal.—The receipts of Tolls on the Union Canal during the week ending Friday evening the 24th ultimo, amounted to 5139 dollars 97 cents, being four hundred and forty-nine dollars and eight cents more than has ever before been received in one week.

Miners Wanted.—A letter from Pottsville, Pa. states that miners are very scarce, and that several hundred would find steady employment.

Tremendous Dividend.—The "Experimental Rail Road," in North Carolina has made a dividend of 25 per cent. upon the capital stock, for the last six months.

Appointment by the Attorney General.

William Stewart to prosecute in the Mayor's Court of the city of Philadelphia.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett (formerly editor of the Pennsylvanian) has issued proposals for a new penny paper in New York to be called the Morning Herald.

The Baltimore Chronicle says, "on good authority," that the decapitated head of the figure head of the Constitution, is now in possession of the Secretary of the Navy, into whose hands it was delivered by Capt. Dewey—the *decapitator*.

The Post states that a thief was discovered in the President's house, at Washington, on Friday week. The President was awaken by some one at the door of his chamber endeavoring to gain admittance, and who, upon being asked his business, replied, that he was trying to get out. It seems that he broke in for plunder, and had lost his way.

Hot Springs.—It is thought that the Hot Springs which have recently been discovered in the Territory of Arkansas, may be ranked among the most valuable mineral waters for invalids that are known to exist in either hemisphere. Mr. Featherstonhaugh's late geological survey of the public lands in that quarter, will afford much valuable information.

The people of North Carolina have decided by a vote of 27,550, to 21,694, in favor of a convention for the amendment of the constitution. Elections are to be held in the several counties of the state, for the choice of delegates to the convention, on Thursday, May 21.

A recent decision in the District Court, will be interesting to Physicians. Dr. Dunn had left his horse at the side of the street, while he visited a patient.—The horse was frightened, and *not being fastened*, he ran away, and struck the shafts of the gig against another horse and killed it. The jury returned a verdict against the Doctor for the price of the horse.

The *mammoth anchor* made at Washington for the *three decker* at Philadelphia, weighs 11,699 lbs.

Education in New Jersey.—It appears by the report of a committee appointed at a public meeting of the friends of education in 1828, that out of a population of about 300,000, there were 15

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Rice, publisher of the Reporter, Commercial Directory, and Price Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1835.

ASHES			New Orleans,	32	34a
Pots	4 25	4 33	Sugar-house,	47	49
Pearls	7 12½		do. N. York,	47	49
BEESWAX			do. Philad.	46	47
BRISTLES			do. Steam,	46	48
Hogs	11	12½	Trinidad,	39	40
Bear	10	11	Porto Rico,	31	33
Cattle	8	9½	English Refined,	13	17
COFFEE			Havana Muscovado,	10	12
Laguira	10½	11	MACKEREL		
Rio	11	11½	No. 1,	bbl	7 00 7 12½
Java		12½	No. 2,		6 00 6 25
Cuba	11½	12	No. 3,		5 00 5 50
COTTON, Dom.	12	13½	Shad,		3 00 3 50
Florida	12	13	OIL,		
Alabama	12½	13	Linseed, Am.		
Mobile	11½	12½	do.	1 22	1 25
Louisiana	12½	13	Sperm,	1 00	1 02
Texas	12½	13	Whale, gal.	38	40
Upland,	12½	13½	Sperm, winter	1 00	1 02
Stamped			do. summer		93
COTTON, Dom.			PLASTER PARIS		
Georgia	12	13	in Barrels,	2 25	
Tennessee	12	13	in Schuylkill,	2 62½	
Alabama	12	13	in Ship,		
Mobile	11½	12½	PROVISIONS		
Louisiana	12½	13	Beef,		
Texas	12½	13	Prime,		
Upland,	12½	13	Mess,		
Stamped			Pork,		
FEATHERS			Mess,		
Live Geese	50	55	Prime,		
FLAX			Mess,		
FLOUR & MEAL			Hams,		
Penn.	4 50		Shoulders,		
Ohio	4 50		Lard,		
Brandywine			Butter,		
Susquehanna			Cheese,		
Alexandria			Tallow,		
Fredericksburg			Candles,		
Petersburg			Mould,		
Richmond			Sperm,		
Georgetown			Lard,		
Baltimore, Howard-st.			Soap,		
do. Susquehanna			Yellow,		
do. Ohio			Castile,		
do. Susquehanna			Palm,		
do. Ohio			Rosin,		
do. Susquehanna			Tar,		
do. Ohio			Turpentine,		
do. Susquehanna			Spirits,		
do. Ohio			SALTPETRE,		
do. Susquehanna			Refined,		
do. Ohio			SEEDS		
do. Susquehanna			Clover,		
do. Ohio			Flaxseed,		
do. Susquehanna			Timothy,	bbls	1 50 1 75
do. Ohio			Herds,	bush	
do. Susquehanna			SPIRITS		
do. Ohio			Brandy,		
do. Susquehanna			Peach,		
do. Ohio			WHISKEY		
do. Susquehanna			Rye, bbls		
do. Ohio			do. hhds		
do. Susquehanna			do. from wagons		
do. Ohio			WOOL,		
do. Susquehanna			Prime, Saxony fleece,		
do. Ohio			Am. wash, full blood,		
do. Susquehanna			do. three-fourths,		
do. Ohio			do. half do.		
do. Susquehanna			do. quarter do.		
do. Ohio			do. wash full blood,		
do. Susquehanna			do. three-fourths,		
do. Ohio			do. half do.		
do. Susquehanna			do. quarter do.		
do. Ohio			do. pulled,		
do. Susquehanna			do. Spinning,		
do. Ohio			do. Superfine,		
do. Susquehanna			do. No. 1,		
do. Ohio			do. No. 2,		
do. Susquehanna			do. No. 3,		
do. Ohio			do. Mixed

THE OLIO

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

SONG OF THE OWL.

Oh! the owl so sedate—and such mirth in his pate,
In a'en like a friar in his cowl,
Who thinks less of his books, as grave as he looks,
Then he doth of a buss and a bowl.
The owl, the owl, the merry merry owl,
The merry merry owl for me,
Who laughs as he tells the church-yard bells
As they chime their one, two, three,
As they chime their one, two, three.
To-Whoo!

Oh! roguery lies in his drowsy eyes,
And his tongue hath a waggish tone:
Hark! hark! how he croaks from the dark old oaks,
To frighten young Jock and Joan.
The owl, the owl, the merry merry owl,
He laugheth the world to scorn.
He passeth his jest like a blade of the best,
And chanteth from night till morn,
And chanteth from night till morn.
To-Whoo!

The brown, brown lark is afraid of the dark,
And he goeth to bed with the sun;
Out, out on the sot! the owl goeth not
Till he see daylight begun,
The owl, the owl, the merry merry owl,
He doeth as I delight.
We waggeth his head when the moon goes to bed,
And bids her a gay good night,
And bids her a gay good night.
To-Whoo!

Boasting.—A man boasting of his honesty, is generally a rogue—of his courage, generally a coward—of his riches, generally not wealthy—of his democracy, generally an aristocrat—of his intimacy with great men, generally despised by those who may chance to know him—of his wit, popularity, and high standing, always a fool.

Married or "Not?"—The wits were busy on the marriage of Mr. George Knott to a certain fair widow; one of their effusions run thus:

How funny is the widow's lot,
She thinks she's married—yet is *Knott*.

Another wit penned the following.

Hail to the widow, who knits the widow's lot,
And ties again the happy lovers *Knott*.

Scotty Wit.—A chimney-sweep was examined as a witness in a cause before Lord Ellenborough, who asked him why he did not wash and dress himself when he came into a court of justice. "Dress myself, my lord?" said the sweep, "I am dressed as much as your lordship." "How is that?" said the Judge. "Why, my Lord," replied the witness, "you are in your working clothes, and so am I."

Anecdote.—Judge F——, of Vermont, was elevated from the plough to the bench. He was more remarkable for a kind of fictitious dignity, than for any clear conceptions of the beauties of Coke and Blackstone. The first case which came before His Honor was rather an intricate one, and the testimony quite dubious on both sides. On rising to give his charge, the learned Judge, after swelling himself up something after the frog in the fable, commenced thus—"Gentlemen of the Jury: Things at a doubtful nature are—are—very uncertain." Here was a dead halt. To use common simile, "his pond had run out."

WIT.

An old gentleman fell in love with a young lady of the name of Page. In a ball-room the young lady dropped her glove, he instantly took it up and presenting it to her, said—

If from glove you take the letter G,—
Then glove makes love which I devote to thee.

SHE ANSWERED.

And if from Page you take the letter P,
Then Page makes age, and that wont do for me.

Anecdote.—In the days of the revolution there was an old lady who occasionally "entertained man and beast," remarkable for her unfeeling covetousness.—One day a weary and famished soldier called at her house and asked for refreshment—his appearance indicated extreme poverty—the old lady thought his means not adequate to remunerate her for a very ample repast, so she placed before him a dish of bones which looked as though they had been pretty faithfully picked before, and left her son to settle with the soldier, when he had finished their second examination. The boy, pitying the traveller, and willing to give his parent a reproof for her parsimony, told his guest, upon his rising from the table that he was welcome to what he had eaten, and made him a present into the bargain. In a short time the mother returned, when her son inquired, "Mother, how much was it worth to pick those old bones?" "A shilling my dear," said she, expecting to receive the money. "I thought so," replied the boy, "*and I gave the old soldier a shilling for doing it.*"

Scene in a School Room.—"What studies do you intend to pursue?" said an erudite pedagogue one day, as a Johnny Raw entered his school room. "Why I shall study *read*, I 'spose wouldn't ye?" "Yes, but you will not want to read all the time; are you acquainted with figures?" "It's a pity if I aint, when I've cyphered clean through *adeption*." "Adoption? what rule is that?" said the master. "Why tis the double rule of twos you know thut twice two is four? and according to adoption, *twice four is two*." "You may take your seat, sir," said the master. "And you may take your'n too," said the pupil, "for it's a poor rule that won't work both ways."—*Norfolk Advertiser.*

Wit of Talleyrand.—Champfort has somewhere related the following bon-mot of this celebrated man. In conversation, one evening, Ruther said, "I know not why I am called a wicked man, for I never in the whole course of my life, committed but one act of wickedness." Talleyrand, who had not previously taken any part in the conversation, immediately exclaimed, with his sonorous voice and significant manner, "*But when will this act be at an end?*"

An Irish Barber.—Not very long ago, I had occasion to undergo the tonsorial operation in Ireland. I was ushered into a handsome apartment, furnished with mirrors of all dimensions. A fine muscular man, whose crop of hair and whiskers bore evidence of excellent culture, presented me with a chair. I sat down, and he had scarcely drawn his comb through my somewhat wiry wig, and he began to remark, in a fine rich brogue, on the quality of my hair. "Beautiful, thick, strong hair this of yours sur. It'll wear well, I'll ingage. Faith, sur, there must be some good stuff inside to send out such fruit as this."

As I conceived that there was something equivocal about the remark, I held my peace. But my gentleman had now commenced operations in good earnest; and, judging by sundry contortions of my features, that the twitchings of his comb and scissors were not over agreeable, he was in duty bound to enlist my attention to something else. "Did you ever study phrinology, sur?" "No."

"Well, then, it's yourself that *ought*, for you've a beautiful head, intirely. Troth, sur, I never saw such a hid to me life. Whew! Why, here are all the organs as large as life, sur. Benevolence, combativeness, veneration, conscientiousness, locality, individuality, time, secretiveness, and caution, all of them of a most thundering size; and marvelousness, self esteem, philo-progenitiveness, and destructiveness well diviloped. Doethur Spurshum would have given a thousand pounds to see such a hid. All the divilopments are grand, sur."

I could not help laughing at this enthusiastic sally. "If *all* the developments are so prodigious," I remarked, "you must allow that the bad propensities are as prominent as the good ones."

"Och! by no manner of manes, sur. Sure you can't think I want any but the good ones? Haven't I the hid before me, with its beautiful bumps? I should think, sur, yer hid must be twinty-six inches round from philo-progenitiveness over the two *superciliious* ridges."

"Why you discourse quite scientifically."

"Sure its meself that ought to know how to do that same. Wasn't I intended to be a surgeon apothecary? But I could not afford to go through the forms for a diploma from the college."

"Oh, oh! so as you could not qualify yourself for full professional practice, you have taken to one of the minor branches. You are aware that the College of Surgeons spring from the College of Barbers."

"Exactly so, sur. Faith, sur, you ought to wear yer hair so;—off yer forshid, sur. You've got a beautiful forrhid, sur."

"You are determined," quoth I, as he finished his job by passing the brush over my coat, "to set me on good terms with myself."

"Faith, sur, you may take yer oath that I've towld you nothing but the naked thruth. I'd scorn it, sur."

Duello by the Bag.—Two gentlemen, one a Spaniard and the other a German, who were recommended by their birth and services to the Emperor Maximilian II. both courted his daughter, the fair Helene Scharlequin, in marriage. This prince, after a long delay, one day informed them, that entertaining them equally, and not being able to bestow a preference, he should leave it to the force and address of the claimants to decide the question. He did not mean, however, to risk the loss of one or the other, or perhaps of both. He could not, therefore, permit them to encounter with offensive weapons, but he had ordered a large bag to be produced. It was his decree, that whichever succeeded in putting his rival into this bag should obtain the hand of his daughter. This singular contest between the two gentlemen took place in the face of the whole court. The contest lasted for more than an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded, and the German, Ebberhard, Baron de Talbert, having planted his rival in the bag, took it upon his back, and very gallantly laid it at the feet of his mistress, whom he espoused the next day. Such is the story as gravely told by M. de St. Foix. It is impossible to say what the feelings of a successful combatant in a duel may be on his having passed a small sword through the body, or a bullet through the thorax, of his antagonist; but might he not feel quite as elated, and more consoled, on having put his adversary "into a *bag*?" We wish our modern duellists could be made to fight after the fashion. We have no doubt after a time it would become popular—as two-thirds of our modern heroes would much rather be put into a bag than a coffin.

MAY.

Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
And threw no flow'res out of her lap around:
Upon two brethr en's shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda; which on either side
Supported her, like to their soveraine Queene.
Lord! how all creatures laught, when her they spide,
And leapt and dauncd as they had ravisht beene!
And Cupid selfe about her fluttered all in greene.

Spenser.

So hath "divinest Spenser" represented the fifth month of the year, in the grand pageant which, to all who have seen it, is still present; for neither the laureate's office nor the poet's art hath devised a spectacle more gorgeous. Castor and Pollux, "the twinnes of Leda," who appeared to enslume in storms with lambent fires on their heads, mythologists have constellated in the firmament, and made still propitious to the mariner. Maia, the brightest of the Pleiades, from whom some say this month derived its name, is fabled to have been the daughter of Atlas, the supporter of the world, and Pleione, a sea nymph. Others ascribe its name to its having been dedicated by Romulus to the Majores, or Roman senators.

Scarcely a poet but praises, or describes, or alludes to the beauties of this month. Darwin sings it as the offspring of the solar beams, and invites it to approach and receive the greetings of the elemental beings:—

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
The sills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.
Light Graces dress'd in flowery wreaths,
And sprightly Joys their hands combine;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And laughing dances round thy shrine.
Warm with new life, the glittering throng
On quivering fin and rustling wing
Delighted join their votive songs,
And hail thee, goddess of the spring.

One of Milton's richest fancies is of this month he says, that Adam, discoursing with Eve—

Sm'd with superior love; as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregne the clouds
That shed May-flowers.

Throughout the wide range of poetic excellence, there is no piece of higher loveliness than this often quoted, yet never tiring

Song on May Morning.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing!
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

PARODY.

Oh! how I love to mention him,
To hear the numskull's name;
He thinks he play'd the fool with me,
With him I did the same;
From sport to sport he hurried me
And treated when we went;
But by his empty purse, and looks,
I think he does repent.

Perhaps he seeks another fair
In hopes he may deceive,
But if possessed of common sense,
She never will believe;
He still will wear that artful face,
Tho' in a foreign land;
And if his purse no stronger gets,
He'll never get her hand.

They tell me he is happy now—
Tell him I am the same;
His loss I'm sure I don't regret,
His presence gave me pain;
Perhaps like me he struggles with
Some feelings of regret;
But what a luckless age he was,
He never will forget.

V. L. B.

The Piano.—A Piano-forte is a most agreeable object. It is a piece of furniture with a neat air it, ready to waken at a touch, and charm us with invisible beauty. Open or shut, it is pleasant to look at; but open, it looks best, smiling at us with its ivory, like the mouth of a sweet singer. The keys of a piano-forte are, of themselves, an agreeable spectacle,—an elegance not sufficiently prized for their peace, because they are so common: but well worth regarding even in that respect. The color of the white keys is not of a cold white, or even when at their whitest there is something of a warmth in the idea of ivory. The black furnish sort of a Mosaic, and all are smooth and easy to the touch. It is one of the advantages of this instrument to the learner, that there is no descent to go through in getting at a tone. The tune is ready made. The finger touches the key, and there is music at once. Another and greater advantage is, that it contains a whole concert in itself, for you may play with all your fingers, and then every finger performs the part of a separate instrument. True, it will not compare with a real concert,—with the rising winds of an orchestra; but in no single instrument, except the organ, can you have such a combination of sounds; and the organ itself cannot do for you what the piano-forte does. You can neither get it so cheap, nor will it condescend to play everything for you as the other does. It is a fine which has "no skill in dangling the kid." It is Jupiter, unable to put off his deity when he visits you. The piano-forte is not incapable of the grandest music, and it performs the light and neat to admiration, and does not omit even the tender. You may accompany with it, almost equally well, the social graces of Mozart, and the pathos of Winter and Paisiello; and, as to a certain miniature brilliance of taste and execution, it has given rise to a music of its own, in the hands of Clementi and others. All those delicate ivory keys which repose in such evenness and quiet, wait only the touch of the master's fingers to become a dancing and singing multitude, and, out of apparent confusion, make accordant loneliness. How pleasant to the initiated to see him lay his hand on them, as if in mere indifference, or at random: and, as he dimples the instrument with touches wide and numerous as rain-drops on a summer sea, play upon the ear the most regular harmonies, and give us, in a twinkling, elaborations, which it would take us years to pick out. We forget that he has gone through the same labor, and think only of the beautiful and mysterious result.

By the way, we know not whether the Italians use the word in the same sense at present; but in an old dictionary in our possession, the keys of musical instruments are called "taste," "*tastes*,"—a very expressive designation. You do *taste* the piano-forte the moment you touch it. Anybody can taste it; which, as we said before, is not the case with other instruments, the tone in them not being ready made; though a master, of course, may apply the word to any.

"So said,—his hand, sprightly as fire, he flings,
And with a quivering coyness *tastes* the strings."

Piano-fortes will probably be much improved by the next generation. Experiments are daily making with them, numerous of much promise: and the extension of scores on all hands bids fair to improve whatever is connected with mechanism. We are very well content, however, for ourselves, with the instrument as it is; are grateful for it, as a concert in miniature; and admire it as a piece of furniture in all its shapes; only we do not like to see it made a table of, and laden with moveables; nor when it in upright does it seem quite finished without a bust on it: perhaps, because it makes too good a pedestal, and seems to call for one.

Piano-forte (soft and strong) is not a good name for an instrument which is no softer nor no stronger than some others. The organ unites the two qualities most; but *organ* (organum,) instrumentum,—as if *the instrument*, by (excellence) is the proper word for it, not to be parted with, and of a sound fit for its nobleness. The word piano-forte came up, when the harpsichord and spinet, its predecessors, were made softer. *Harpsichord* (arpichorda,—commonly called in Italian clavicembalo, or keyed cymbal, i. e. a box or hollow *Fr.* clavecin) is a sounding, but hardly a good word, meaning a harp with chords—which may be said of any harp. *Spinet*, an older term (spinette, thorns,) signifies the quills which used to occupy the place of the modern clothed hammers, and which produced the harsh sound in the old instruments; the quill striking the edge of the strings, like the picking of a guitar-string by the nail. The spinet was preceded by the *Virginals*, the oldest instrument, we believe, of the kind,—so called, perhaps, from its being chiefly played upon by young women, or because it was used in singing hymns to the Virgin. Spencer has mentioned it in an English *Trimeter-Iambic*; one of those fantastic attempts to introduce the incongenialities of Latin versification, which the taste of the great poet soon led him to abandon.

The Snowy Owl.—At the break of day, one morning, when I lay hidden in a pile of logs, at the Falls of the Ohio, waiting for a shot at some wild geese, I had an opportunity of seeing this owl secure fish in the following manner:—While watching for their prey on the borders of the "pots," they invariably lay flat on the rock, with the body placed along the border of the hole, the head also laid down, but turned towards the water. One might have supposed the bird sound asleep, as it would remain in the same position until a good opportunity of securing a fish occurred, which I believe was never missed; for, as the latter swaggings from to the surface, near the edge, that instant the owl thrust out the foot next the water, and, with the quickness of lightning, seized it and drew it out. The owl then removed to the distance of a few yards, devoured its prey, and returned to the same hole; or, if it had not perceived any more fish, flew only a few yards over the pots there, marked a likely one, and alighted at a little distance from it. It then squatted, moved slowly towards the edge, and lay as before, watching for an opportunity. Whenever a fish of any size was hooked, as I may say, the owl stuck the other foot also into it, and flew off to a considerable distance. In two instances of this kind I saw the bird carry its prey across the Western or Indiana Shute, into the woods, as if to be quite out of harm's way. I never heard it utter a single note on such occasions, even when two birds joined in the repast, which was frequently the case, when the fish that had been caught was of a large size. At sunrise, or shortly after, the owls flew to the woods, and I did not see them until the next morning, when, after witnessing the same feats, I watched an opportunity, and killed both at one shot.—*Audubon.*

THE WING OF A BAT.

The wing of the Bat is very commonly spoken of as a wing of leather, and the idea attached to this term, undoubtedly is, that it is composed of a callous membrane; that it is an insensible piece of stuff like the leather of a glove of a lady's shoe; but nothing can be farther from the truth. If one were to select an organ of the most exquisite delicacy and sensibility, it would be the bat's wing; it is any thing but leather, and in perhaps, the most acute organ of touch that can be found, though it is not easy to understand why it should be so. Spallanzani, a philosopher as noted for his extreme cruelty, as for his ingenuity and love of research, had observed that bats could fly with great certainty, in rooms however dark, without striking against the walls. He found that when their eyes were covered, they could fly with as much precision as before; and even when their eyes were put out, no alteration in this respect was observed. When branches of trees or threads were suspended from the ceiling they avoided them, nor did they even brush the threads as they flew past or between them; and even when the space between was too small to admit their expanded wings, they contracted the latter so as to suit their dimensions to the breadth of the passage. Spallanzani thought that the bat must possess a sixth sense. The organs of vision had been destroyed, and therefore it could not be by sight that they avoided all obstacles. In many individuals the ears were stopped, so that it could not be by hearing, in others the nostrils were stopped, so that it could not be by smelling; and taste is out of the question. The following remarks from Cuvier are sufficiently demonstrative, I think, that it is by the acuteness of the sense on of touch in the wing, and not by any additional sense, that the phenomenon is to be accounted for. "The bones of the metacarpus, and the phalanges of the four fingers which support the thumb, are excessively elongated. The membrane which unites them presents an enormous surface to the air; the nerves which are distributed to it are numerous, and minutely divided; they form a net-work very remarkable for its fineness and the number of its accumulations. It is probable, that in the action of flight, the air, when struck by the wing or very sensible hand, impresses a sensation of heat, cold, mobility and resistance, on that organ, which indicates to the animal the existence or absence of obstacles which would interrupt its progress. In this manner blind men discover by their hands and even by the skin of their faces, the proximity of a wall, door of a house, or side of a street, even without the assistance of touch, and merely by the sensation which the dilference in the resistance of the air occasions.—*Letters to a Young Naturalist.*

Coal Grates and Fenders.

JAMES M. JACKSON respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he still continues the manufacture of the above articles, at No. 123 North Fifth street, west side, 3 doors above Race, where he has on hand a large quantity of Grates of various patterns, for sale cheap for cash or approved paper.

☞ A liberal discount made to wholesale purchasers.

N. B.—Black Lead, Rotten-stone and Leather of a superior quality for cleaning Grates and stoves. ap 25—1y

Milk of Roses.

This pleasant and highly efficacious cosmetic, is perfectly innocuous to use, even on the most delicate infant, and is recommended for its fine effects in softening and improving the skin, removing pimples, tan, sunburn, and other unnecessary cutaneous eruptions—for the chapping of infants, and for gentlemen who have tender faces, to be used after shaving.—Price 75 cents.

INDIAN OIL.—For the growth, improvement, and for gradually restoring the hair, and preventing it from turning grey, or coming out.—Price 75 cents.

OTTO OF ROSE SHAVING CAKES.—Warranted equal to any now in use, for the purpose, forming with the least a rich and emollient lather, not irritating the face, or creating tenderness of the skin.—Price 25 cents.

The above, with a general assortment of perfumery, cosmetics, fancy soaps, &c. are offered wholesale and retail, by

L. W. GLENN,
No. 84 South Third street, sign of the Flower Pot, opposite the Exchange and Post Office.

an 25—if

Matting and Carpeting.

The subscriber offers for sale, by the Piece or Yard,

4-4, 5-4, and 6-4 Plain } MATTING.
4-4, 5-4, and 6-4 Figured }

Ingrained, Venitian, Chenille, and Rag } CARPETING.

Hearth Rugs, Window Blinds, Table Covers, Oil Cloths, Cotton Bed and Parasols, with a general assortment of DRY GOODS.

DANIEL CRAWFORD,
No. 61 Market street, a few doors below 2nd st. south side.

april 11—3t

Haddonfield Boarding School
FOR BOYS.

Situated in the pleasant and healthy village of Haddonfield, New Jersey, (six miles from Camden,) in which are taught the several branches of a liberal education, viz. Reading, writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, Composition, Natural Philosophy, History, and the Mathematical branches.

Terms of Board and Tuition, 75 dollars per quarter of eleven weeks, payable in advance. Washing and mending 25 cents per week.

References:—Nathan Kite, No. 80 North Fourth st.; James Dunlap and Co. 53 North Second street; John M. Whitall, No. 79 Market street, Philadelphia; John Gill, Thomas Redman, Haddonfield; Benjamin Cooper, west Camden; Joseph Maule, 3, Mercantile Row, London; JOSEPH WHITALL, Jr.

Haddonfield, N. J., 8th mo 1835. ap 25—6t

Circular.

The Subscriber most respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a LADIES' SHOE STORE, at the yard formerly occupied by the Shewmakers Bazaar, No. 5, corner of North sixth st. and Commerce, where he will at all times be fully supplied with a very general assortment of Ladies,' Misses' and Childrens' Shoes, made of first rate workmen, every variety of fashion, and warranted to give the utmost satisfaction. As the proprietor has had much experience in the business, and can purchase for cash, he will be enabled to sell at very low prices for cash.

JOSEPH EVANS.

N. B.—The business as hereinfore conducted at No. 203 Market street, will be continued. ap 11, '35—1y

Lorenzo Dow's Medicine.

This medicine has been found of great efficacy by thousands in New England and elsewhere, for the cure of the following diseases:—Consumption, Fever, Dysentery, Ague, Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, Affections of the Liver, Dyspepsy, common Bowel Complaints, and Female weakness.

Recommendations.—We, the subscribers having made a fair use of Lorenzo Dow's Popular Medicine, do certify, that we believe it to be a safe and speedy cure for the above mentioned complaints. We believe it particularly well adapted to the cure of Dysentery on a debilitated and declining state.

Signed, Daniel Ayres, Jr. Overseer of the poor of the county, and Sylvester Gilbert, Judge of the Court, in Hebron, Connecticut.

☞ Made and sold by J. WINEBRENNER, Harrisburg, Pa., sole Proprietor for Pennsylvania and the adjoining states. Also, sold by B. Jordan, N. E. corner of Arch and Third sts. Philadelphia; and by W. corner of Green and Second streets, J. Pierson, corner of Mead Alley and South Second street, and by E. A. Hoskins, Western Drug Warehouse, No. 373 Market street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents per bottle.

ap 27—3m*

Notice.

On or about the 22d of April, A. D. 1835, several Trunks and a Box containing merchandize, were put on board the steamboat Lady Jackson, by persons at present unknown: the owner is hereby notified, that unless they are demanded, the property proved, and all expenses paid on or before the 22d day of July ensuing the date hereof, the said trunks and box, with all the property in them, will be sold to pay expenses, and the residue disposed of according to law.

MASKELL MULFORD, Captain.

Salem, New Jersey, 3 mo 17, 1835. ap 25—6t

Marshall's Worm Syrup,
AND INFANT PRESERVATIVE.

Is recommended to all parents, nurses and others, who have the management of children, as the surest and most effectual worm destroying medicine ever discovered.

The symptoms denoting the existence of worms are indications with a variable appetite, foul tongue, offensive breath, hard, full, and tense belly, with occasional griping and pains in the bowels, and sometimes a sensation about the navel, the eyes heavy and dull, itching of the nose, short dry cough, grinding of the teeth and starting during sleep, attended with a slow fever.

When these symptoms occur, the worm syrup, if taken according to the directions, will afford relief, destroying the worms and the mucous or slimy matter in which they are involved, and thereby preventing their reproduction.

The Proprietor has been induced to prepare this from the different medicines in use for the destruction of worms, as combinedly recommended this syrup as the most safe and effectual remedy for the purpose known, being entirely free from that debilitating effect, with dangerous consequences, not unfrequently attending the use of many of the medicines which are sometimes used, and which give rise to vertigo, dimness of sight, dilated pupils, &c.

This syrup, besides being a safe and active vermifuge, is agreeable and pleasant to the taste, and no child will refuse to take it; whereas all the worm medicine at present in use are nauseous and disagreeable, that it is difficult to persuade children to take them.

This medicine is also happily calculated for preventing and removing many other disorders to which children in their early infancy are unavoidable, such as bowel or summer complaints, disorders of the stomach, &c. and is recommended with the assurance, that much good may be derived from its use, when given in its simplicity and innocence, it cannot do any harm.

Prepared only at Marshall's drug and chemical store, No. 212 Market street, next door to the Western Bank.

To guard against spurious imitations, the written signature of the proprietor will be placed on each bottle, without which none will be genuine. JOSEPH MARSHALL.

CARPENTER'S
COMPOUND CERATE OF COPAIVA.

A valuable application for Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Ulcerations and Sores of various kinds.

It has long been a desideratum to have a preparation of the above character for the use of families—a convenient application which can always be at hand when such diseases occur and which will afford immediate relief. G. W. Carpenter has devoted a portion of his time to the study of these preparations, to possess all the qualities here described, and with much pleasure recommends it to the favorable notice of the public, as a safe, pleasant and soothing application, for all cases of burns, scalds, wounds, ulcerations, &c. &c. &c.

It has been fully tested in private practice, and the result has been of the most satisfactory and beneficial character.

In burns, scalds, wounds, ulcerations and sores of various kinds, it is found to be a perfect specific. Ready for use, and it is confidently recommended to the public, as an article upon whose virtues they can confidently rely. Mild, soothing and gentle in its effect, it is particularly applicable to burns, it allays the fever and pain almost instantly, in a short time, and quickly induces the healthy process.

Every family in the city and country should supply themselves with this preparation: it requires no more of the attention of nurses, or confinement, and upon such applications it is extensively employed in all cases, where a mild and soothing application is required.

It is neatly put up in boxes and jars, at 50 and 25 cents each. Prepared and sold only at

GEORGE W. CARPENTER'S
Chemical Warehouse,
No. 361 Market street, Philadelphia.

As there may be attempts of imitation, the proprietor will affix his signature as a guarantee of its genuineness.

nov 30, 1834—ly

Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.

This truly valuable remedy has been before the public for seven years, and has proved itself, by its wonderful success in the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, or Phthisic, Consumption, Whooping Cough, and Pulmonary affections of every kind, its sale is steadily increasing, and the proprietors are constantly receiving the most favorable accounts of its effects. The following certificates are offered for public examination:

CERTIFICATES.

In the winter of 1832 and 1833, I was seized with spitting of blood, which continued with occasional relief till spring. I consulted several eminent physicians, and took much medicine, but the relief obtained was only temporary. In the spring I procured a bottle of Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, and by this time I was much relieved. The day before I commenced with the Balsam, I raised about half a pint of blood, was oppressed with great heaviness in the stomach, and was troubled with a pain in the Bulbous, thinking if this failed, I should receive no assistance from it; but it did not disappoint our expectations. All the unfavorable symptoms were immediately relieved, and I was enabled to speak audibly. The cure required but one bottle. I am now able to perform my trade, (that of a rope maker) which I had given up without any expectation of returning to it. WM GODFREY.

Hookstown, Mass. Aug 2nd, 1833.

I am satisfied that the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam is a valuable medicine. It has been used in this place with complete success in the entire exemption of the lungs attended with a severe pain in the side and difficulty of breathing. I resorted to several remedies, but without effect. In January, 1833, I was attacked with a violent cough and soreness, and received the advice of several others, but the disease constantly increased; the cough was incessant, attended with a bloody and offensive expectoration; my flesh was wasted, my feet swelled, and I was brought to my bed. In April, I was persuaded to try the Balsam, which I did, and was perfectly restored to health. This cure is truly wonderful, and I can with confidence recommend it to the afflicted.

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COMPOUND CERATE OF COPAIVA.

A valuable application for Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Ulcerations and Sores of various kinds.

It has long been a desideratum to have a preparation of the above character for the use of families—a convenient application which can always be at hand when such diseases occur and which will afford immediate relief. G. W. Carpenter has devoted a portion of his time to the study of these preparations, to possess all the qualities here described, and with much pleasure recommends it to the favorable notice of the public, as a safe, pleasant and soothing application, for all cases of burns, scalds, wounds, ulcerations, &c. &c. &c.

It has been fully tested in private practice, and the result has been of the most satisfactory and beneficial character.

In burns, scalds, wounds, ulcerations and sores of various kinds, it is found to be a perfect specific. Ready for use, and it is confidently recommended to the public, as an article upon whose virtues they can confidently rely. Mild, soothing and gentle in its effect, it is particularly applicable to burns, it allays the fever and pain almost instantly, in a short time, and quickly induces the healthy process.

Every family in the city and country should supply themselves with this preparation: it requires no more of the attention of nurses, or confinement, and upon such applications it is extensively employed in all cases, where a mild and soothing application is required.

It is neatly put up in boxes and jars, at 50 and 25 cents each. Prepared and sold only at

GEORGE W. CARPENTER'S
Chemical Warehouse,
No. 361 Market street, Philadelphia.

As there may be attempts of imitation, the proprietor will affix his signature as a guarantee of its genuineness.

nov 30, 1834—ly

Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.

This truly valuable remedy has been before the public for seven years, and has proved itself, by its wonderful success in the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, or Phthisic, Consumption, Whooping Cough, and Pulmonary affections of every kind, its sale is steadily increasing, and the proprietors are constantly receiving the most favorable accounts of its effects. The following certificates are offered for public examination:

CERTIFICATES.

In the winter of 1832 and 1833, I was seized with spitting of blood, which continued with occasional relief till spring. I consulted several eminent physicians, and took much medicine, but the relief obtained was only temporary. In the spring I procured a bottle of Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, and by this time I was much relieved. The day before I commenced with the Balsam, I raised about half a pint of blood, was oppressed with great heaviness in the stomach, and was troubled with a pain in the Bulbous, thinking if this failed, I should receive no assistance from it; but it did not disappoint our expectations. All the unfavorable symptoms were immediately relieved, and I was enabled to speak audibly. The cure required but one bottle. I am now able to perform my trade, (that of a rope maker) which I had given up without any expectation of returning to it. WM GODFREY.

Hookstown, Mass. Aug 2nd, 1833.

I am satisfied that the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam is a valuable medicine. It has been used in this place with complete success in the entire exemption of the lungs attended with a severe pain in the side and difficulty of breathing. I resorted to several remedies, but without effect. In January, 1833, I was attacked with a violent cough and soreness, and received the advice of several others, but the disease constantly increased; the cough was incessant, attended with a bloody and offensive expectoration; my flesh was wasted, my feet swelled, and I was brought to my bed. In April, I was persuaded to try the Balsam, which I did, and was perfectly restored to health. This cure is truly wonderful, and I can with confidence recommend it to the afflicted.

Prepared at Marshall's drug and chemical store, No. 212 Market street, next door to the Western Bank.

To guard against spurious imitations, the written signature of the proprietor will be placed on each bottle, without which none will be genuine. JOSEPH MARSHALL, Jr.

Notice.

On or about the 22d of April, A. D. 1835, several Trunks and a Box containing merchandize, were put on board the steamboat Lady Jackson, by persons at present unknown: the owner is hereby notified, that unless they are demanded, the property proved, and all expenses paid on or before the 22d day of July ensuing the date hereof, the said trunks and box, with all the property in them, will be sold to pay expenses, and the residue disposed of according to law.

MASKELL MULFORD, Captain.

Salem, New Jersey, 3 mo 17, 1835. ap 25—6t

Marshall's Worm Syrup,
AND INFANT PRESERVATIVE.

Is recommended to all parents, nurses and others, who have the management of children, as the surest and most effectual worm destroying medicine ever discovered.

The symptoms denoting the existence of worms are indications with a variable appetite, foul tongue, offensive breath, hard, full, and tense belly, with occasional griping and pains in the bowels, and sometimes a sensation about the navel, the eyes heavy and dull, itching of the nose, short dry cough, grinding of the teeth and starting during sleep, attended with a slow fever.

When these symptoms occur, the worm syrup, if taken according to the directions, will afford relief, destroying the worms and the mucous or slimy matter in which they are involved, and thereby preventing their reproduction.

The Proprietor has been induced to prepare this from the different medicines in use for the destruction of worms, as combinedly recommended this syrup as the most safe and effectual remedy for the purpose known, being entirely free from that debilitating effect, with dangerous consequences, not unfrequently attending the use of many of the medicines which are sometimes used, and which give rise to vertigo, dimness of sight, dilated pupils, &c.

This syrup, besides being a safe and active vermifuge, is agreeable and pleasant to the taste, and no child will refuse to take it; whereas all the worm medicine at present in use are nauseous and disagreeable, that it is difficult to persuade children to take them.

This medicine is also happily calculated for preventing and removing many other disorders to which children in their early infancy are unavoidable, such as bowel or summer complaints, disorders of the stomach, &c. and is recommended with the assurance, that much good may be derived from its use, when given in its simplicity and innocence, it cannot do any harm.

Prepared only at Marshall's drug and chemical store, No. 212 Market street, next door to the Western Bank.

To guard against spurious imitations, the written signature of the proprietor will be placed on each bottle, without which none will be genuine. JOSEPH MARSHALL, Jr.

Leather Bark Mills.

SELLING off, at No. 148 Chesnut street, the Stock and Fixtures of W. H. PRICE, deceased, consisting of 300 Sides Slaughter Oak Leather, very tanned, for quality, 30 do. do. do. do. do. do. do. 2500 Sides Spanish, for which assortment of finished Upper, Prunella, Harness, Kind and Water Dog Leathers; Sealed & Co. Oak and Red Shave Pieces and Calipers thus in vait: 1 Patent Morocco or Splitting Leather 1 Stuff dresser for graining Back or Hides. 1000 lbs assorted Prussiate Blue. may 21—3t

Sumac

Wanted, for which the highest market price will be given by ANTHONY P. MORRIS, No. 227 Chesnut street.

Superior Black Varnish,

For Coal Grates—Black and red, do. for Japanning, superior to any other in use.

The above are all the kinds that the late firm generally gave satisfaction for 30 years past—Hub Black, Rotten stone, Enamel Painters Gold Sizing, Pump Work, Varnish and Chemical Yellow, Gilders' Red, Lampblack, Blue Lake and Black Lead, mixed Paints and Varnishes. With a general assortment of fancy and dry goods for sale by

may 28—1m F. LEIDIGH, 23 Market street.

Wm. B. Nolen,
Surgeon Dentist and Manufacturer of Porcelain Teeth,

No. 134 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADA.

may 7 '35—1y

Northern Liberties Riding School.

The Subscriber respectfully informs his friends & the public, that he has again opened the back of No. 220 N. Front street, in Rising Sun Court, for the reception of ladies and gentlemen, the yard is pleasant and entirely private, the horses are gay, well broke and perfectly gentle, possessing as the variety of gaits suited to the comfort and ease of the rider. Persons of nervous temperament, or suffering from ill health, will be assisted in accomplishment, they may rest upon a course of instruction in this School without the least danger, and in a short time acquire a knowledge of horsemanship equal to the most experienced riders. Ladies and gentlemen can be taught in classes, &c. &c. and will be furnished with horses, if not choosen, than a machine upon any other construction.

Philosophical
And Chemical Apparatus and Materials.

The subscribers respectfully beg leave to document the scientific public, colleges and schools that his establishment for the manufacture of philosophical instruments, and all the branches connected with Mechanics, Engineering, &c. is now in full vigour. The report that has been circulated that he had relinquished the same, and had retired from the city, is without foundation; for although he experienced the loss of his valuable assistant, his numerous business obliged him to travel, for personal interest in his company, and the establishment still remains under his immediate superintendence, aided by a principal assistant from the Institution of Civil Engineers, London. His prices will be found moderate, and every article sold of first rate workmanship and character.

Orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to, either by addressing the subscriber, or at Dr. Hare's Chemical Warehouse, where a large assortment of his goods is always on hand, or to Mr. Judah Dobson's Bookstore, 2nd mo street.

JOHN BILLINGTON.

Late Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of London, No. 187 South Third street, Philadelphia. ap 25—6t

For Sale.

A FIRST RATE HORSE MILL, adapted to any purpose in the wheat mash power to connect, to which, wheels, &c. &c. complete, altogether of saw mill, with 2 sets of rollers and bolt. Will be sold a bargain, the owner having no use for the same.

Apply No. 23 Church Alley. ap 18—2m

A Horse-Power Mill,

Very appropriately called "A Farmer's Mill,"

Upon a new and improved construction, has recently been erected and may be seen in operation, at No. 43 Green street, which the attention of Millers, Farmers and the public generally, are respectfully invited. With a millstone this construction, a horse will grind from 20 to 30 bushels of grain, middling fine, per hour, and with a pro